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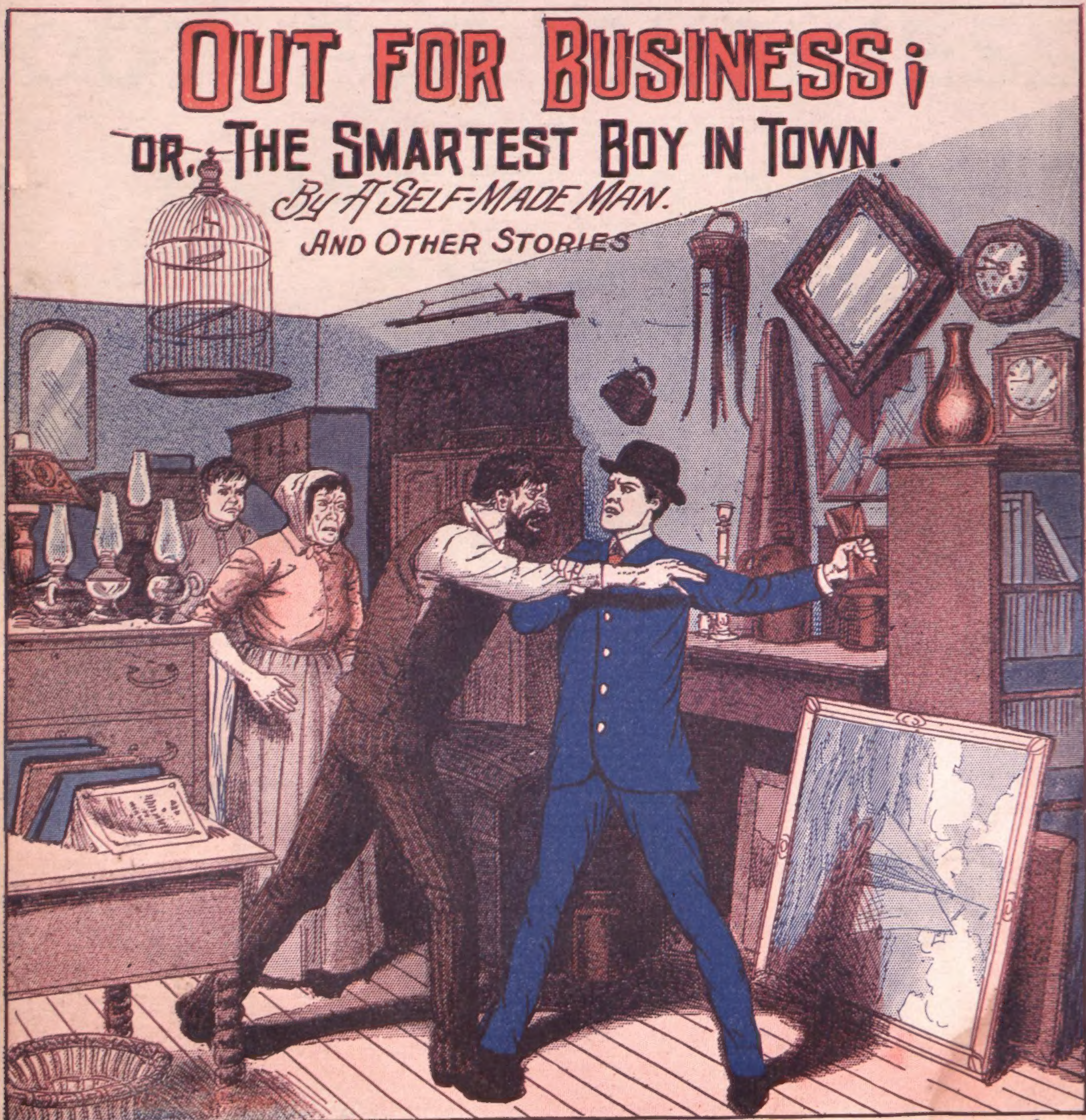
FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

OUT FOR BUSINESS; OR, THE SMARTEST BOY IN TOWN.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



As Joe produced his pocket-book the villainous looking woman and her shifty-eyed son came forward, as if in obedience to some signal. Then the dealer himself sprang at the boy and tried to wrest the wallet from his grasp.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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Price 5 Cents.

OUT FOR BUSINESS

—OR—

THE SMARTEST BOY IN TOWN

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

"You'll have to haul in your horses, Joe," said Bob Stewart, shaking his head in a decided way.

"What do you mean, Bob?" asked his companion, a bright-eyed, curly headed boy of sixteen, with a whimsical grin.

"Oh, you know what I mean well enough. You've got to put on the brakes, or something will drop, and I know what that something is."

"Oh, pshaw!" replied Joe Fanwood. "Major Pond is a crank."

"No, he isn't a crank. The major is all right—in his way. But there's a limit to everything. You've stretched that limit to the breaking point. Better heed my warning, Joe. Hal Fairweather told me a little while ago that he overheard the major talking to Tutor Applegate last evening about you. Applegate defended you the best he could, but Major Pond is dead sore over that rainbow decoration of the statue of Belvidere on the lawn, which he said he had traced to you. He said it was the culmination of a long series of practical jokes you have indulged in since you came to this school. He swore that he wouldn't stand for any more; that if matters went on this way the academy would become a laughing stock in the neighborhood, and would lose caste. He had fully resolved on writing to your guardian for the last time asking him to remove you from the school."

"Phew! Is that so?" ejaculated Joe, with a doleful expression that was almost comical in its intensity. "Did Major Pond really say that?"

"He did. Tutor Applegate, however, talked so strongly in your favor that the major reluctantly agreed to give you another chance—positively the very last, he said."

"Applegate is all to the mustard."

"He certainly is. All the fellows like him. You've made things a little warm for him, too; but he doesn't seem to hold any hard feelings against you."

"I'm glad that the major changed his mind."

"So am I, for I wouldn't like to see you leave. You're the life of the academy. Every one of us would have the blues for a month if you had to go. But, honestly, Joe, you do carry things too far. It may be awfully funny to us, but Major Pond has a different way of looking at things. He has outlived his bubbling days."

"I should think he had. Why, I heard that he was the liveliest fellow that West Point ever had, and narrowly escaped being fired from that academy more than once."

"That was ever so many years ago. The regular army toned him down, and made a martinet of him. He's seen hard

service and distinguished himself in many of the Indian campaigns out West, and that alone is enough to sober a man up. Now he's married, and has a growing daughter——"

"Say, Bessie Pond is a daisy, isn't she?" interrupted Joe.

"Sure. The fellows are all dead gone on her—you worst of any."

"Oh, come off, Bob," retorted Fanwood in some confusion.

"No, I won't come off. You know it's so," grinned Bob.

Joe flushed up and began digging his heels in the ground.

The two boys, who were students of the Maplewood Military Academy, were standing under a spreading oak tree near the limits of the grounds in the direction of the town.

Joe Fanwood, who had been at the school since the preceding September, when the term opened, was decidedly first favorite at the academy.

Generous, impulsive, all fun and dash, he won hearts by magic.

But unfortunately he was a reckless practical joker.

That spoiled all his good qualities with Major Pond, principal and owner of the academy, who had from the beginning taken a great fancy to the boy.

At first he let Joe off with reprimands, of varying degrees of severity, even when he had previously decided to punish him severely, for the boy had such an ingenuous, taking way with him, that his very manner seemed to hypnotize the major when the two came together.

But at last Major Pond asserted himself, and every scholar in the school knew what that meant.

Joe was sentenced to various kinds of punishments, the worst of which was solitary confinement on a bread-and-water diet for a week.

This subdued him for ten days, and the major was beginning to have hopes of a cure when Joe experienced a relapse.

A choice marble statue of Apollo Belvidere, which ornamented the lawn approach to the front door of the academy, was discovered one morning highly decorated with different colored paints, which had been abstracted during the night from the tool-house.

The effect was stunning, and a mob of delighted students soon gathered about it to admire the results produced by a paint brush in the hands of a skillful artist.

Of course this act of desecration was reported to the major, and he visited the statue to view with his own eyes what had happened to his Apollo.

It took one of the school factotums a whole day to remove the paint and restore the statue to its pristine whiteness.

The major was as mad as a hornet.

The first thing he did was to send for Joe Fanwood and ask him if he had perpetrated the joke.

He acknowledged his guilt without hesitation, though with no air of bravado, for the boy scorned a lie as the meanest kind of an evasion.

"You may go, sir," said the major, sternly, and that was all Joe heard of the matter until his particular friend, Bob Stewart, brought it up in the present conversation between them.

Apparently Major Pond had determined to ask Joe's guardian to recall him from the academy, and had only yielded to his head tutor's persuasions to give the favorite of the school another chance.

Perhaps a lingering recollection of his old days at West Point, when he was something of a madcap himself, had a good bit to do with his decision, and perhaps a certain liking he had for the bright, honest, sturdily built boy, who had not a mean streak in his nature, was at the bottom of it; at any rate, the matter was permitted to drop.

A rumor, however, got abroad that Miss Bessie Pond, the major's fifteen-year-old daughter, had seen the statue in all the glory of Joe's brilliant handiwork, and report said she had laughed herself nearly sick over it.

At any rate, there was a suspicious twinkle in her eyes for a week whenever she heard Fanwood's name mentioned.

"I guess your guardian would have hauled you over the coals if Major Pond had asked him to take you away," said Bob Stewart.

"He'd have done more than that," replied Joe, a bit soberly.

"What else could he have done?"

"Bounced me out on the cold world."

"Not quite so bad as that, Joe."

"Yes, just as bad as that. He told me when he sent me to the academy that he was giving me my last chance. If he had to take me away, or I was expelled, he would wash his hands of me forever."

"Did he actually say that?"

"He actually said that."

"Then you're taking more desperate chances than I thought," said Bob, regarding his companion with a sober countenance. "Why don't you switch off?"

"I wish I could," answered Joe, with a half-serious, half-comic expression.

"Do you mean to say you can't if you were to try hard enough?"

"I don't know," returned Joe, doubtfully. "I guess I must have been born that way."

"You have the greatest imagination for getting up ridiculous schemes I ever heard of. What ever induced you to paint that statue in all the colors of the rainbow? And how could you do it in so artistic a way? Ever take any lessons in water colors?"

"No. I just decorated him in comic opera style."

"Well, I don't think a regular artist could have done it in better shape if he had tried his best. You seem to be a regular genius at whatever you undertake. You are the best all-around athlete in the school, whether at baseball, football, rowing, swimming, in the gymnasium, or what not. I tell you, Joe, you must haul in your horns a bit, for we can't afford to lose you. We look to you to pull our ball team through this spring. You're the only pitcher the academy has ever had who could hold the Maplewood semi-professionals down. In the one game you pitched against them last fall they made only two hits, and one of them was a scratch. We never would have been in it but for you. The Maplewood Highs have always given us a tight rub. Now, with you in the box this year, we expect to do them up in both games. You see now how much depends on you."

"You've given me quite a lecture, Bob," grinned Joe.

"I'm not lecturing you—only trying to bring you to your senses, that's all."

"I think you've enjoyed my jokes as well as anybody, Bob."

"I know I have. I like fun as well as the next fellow; but when it gets to be so serious as to threaten the smartest and most popular boy in the school with the G. B., I think we ought all go slow, especially yourself."

"So you wish me to believe that I'm the smartest and most popular boy in the academy. You say that very well, Bob, but I guess there are others."

"There may be others, but they are not in your class. You stand all by yourself. If a vote was taken on the question 'Who is King of the School?' you'd get away with the election, hands down."

"Better change the subject, Bob, or I may get a swelled head."

"No fear of that. You're not built that way."

"All right. Have it your way. But to get back to the old subject. You think I am out of danger for a while? That Major Pond has given up the idea of writing to Mr. Jessup, my guardian?"

"Yes. I judge from what Hal said that you're safe enough if you quit your practical jokes; but if you don't—"

"My name will be Tim Flynn," snickered Joe.

"It certainly will—or Mud—take your choice."

"I'll try to be good—that is, if no temptation comes my way—for I don't want to be turned loose; but it's second nature with me to take advantage of my opportunities."

"A burnt child generally dreads the fire, but you don't seem to worry over a scorching. How many schools have you been politely requested to leave?"

"Half a dozen or more," chuckled Joe.

"Well, you are a peach and no mistake."

CHAPTER II.

WINNING HIS OWN GAME.

It was a great day at the Maplewood Military Academy.

The baseball nine, under Captain Joe Fanwood, was playing the Maplewoods, of the Interstate League—practically a team of professional ball players, for every member drew a salary.

The Maplewoods had won the interstate championship last year by a good margin of victories, and the team expected to repeat the performance this season, as it had been strengthened in the pitching box.

In its practice games the previous season the Maplewoods had smothered the academy boys by the score of 16 to 0.

Late in the fall the Maplewoods had consented to a return game, and from the confident way they came on the field on that occasion any one could see that they expected to wipe the earth with the academy nine.

But to every one's surprise, and their own discomfiture, they didn't.

Maplewood Academy presented a new pitcher in the person of Joe Fanwood, a late arrival at the school.

Not a Maplewood professional got nearer than ninety feet of the plate that day.

Only thirty batters faced him.

Of these twelve retired to the bench on strikes, one got a three-base drive and was marooned on the bag, another got a base on balls, while a third put a slow ball toward short-stop which counted as a hit, though the runner got first only by an eyelash.

When the game was over the score stood 1 to 0 in the academy's favor.

As a matter of course the schoolboys were jubilant, and this spring their manager arranged a date with the professionals just previous to the opening of the interstate season.

That game attracted a tremendous crowd, which overflowed the fine academy grounds.

Major Pond, his wife and daughter and some friends occupied the private box in the center of the grandstand.

Just before the game commenced Bessie Pond sent Joe Fanwood, to whom she had never spoken, as the major did not permit his students to be on intimate terms with his daughter, a true lover's bow-knot of baby blue ribbon to pin on his breast.

She had an idea perhaps that this little token would inspire him to do his very best that afternoon, for naturally she wanted the academy to win.

Joe intended to do his best anyway for the honor of the school, but when he received the bow-knot with Bessie's compliments, he resolved to go a shade better for her sake if the thing was possible.

The Maplewoods went to the bat first, and when the major's daughter, whose bright eyes were evidently on the lookout, saw Joe walk confidently to the pitcher's position and stand there in readiness to let drive his first curve, she thought him the handsomest, manliest boy she had ever seen, and her young heart fluttered strangely and her face grew rosy as she saw her bunch of ribbon hanging just over his heart.

Joe pitched just three balls the first inning.

The first batter up pushed a daisy cutter to short and found the ball at the initial bag ahead of him; the second batter ballooned to Hal Fairweather in left garden, and the third batter hit a liner to Bailey at second, who held on to it like grim death, and the professionals took the field with

a zero to their credit, while the assembled academy boys and their sympathizers made the welkin ring.

With two out and two strikes called on him, Joe pushed a single to left in the opening inning amid great applause, but he got no further than first, as Bailey, the next batter, put up a high foul which was captured after a hard run by the third baseman of the opposing team.

The professionals' second inning was productive of no results, as the first man struck out, the second bunted and was thrown out by Joe, while the third boosted a high one to center and was a victim.

Thompson, the academy's right-fielder, led off with a clean single to left, and was then thrown out trying to steal second.

The next two batters were easy outs.

The Maplewoods came to bat the third time with blood in their eyes.

They were anxious to do Joe up.

The best they could accomplish was three successive flies to the outfield, and the academy boys came up to the plate to try their luck again.

With two out, Barry, the chunky third baseman, got his base on an error; Fairweather soaked a stinger at the pitcher which climbed all over him, and by the time he got his hands on the ball the runner was roosting at first, while Barry was dancing around second.

Amid great applause Joe came up to the plate.

He glanced at the private box and was rewarded with a fluttering handkerchief in Bessie's hand.

"Line her out, Joe!"

"Soak it in the solar plexus!"

"Put it over the fence!"

These and similar cries came from his schoolmates.

The Maplewood pitcher grinned sardonically.

"One strike!" cried the umpire as Joe swung at the sphere and missed it.

"He's goin' ter kill dat ball, I don't t'ink," jeered a Maplewood youth, who had crawled over the fence and thus saved the price of admission.

"Strike two!" from the umpire, and a bunch of sarcastic cries rose from the crowd who favored the professionals.

Three balls were then called.

The next was the critical one, and silence and expectation hovered over the spectators.

Crack!

The ball sailed toward center like a bird, while a fierce roar of enthusiasm broke from the academy benches.

Barry and Fairweather started for the plate like winged Mercuries without a glance at the ball, for two men were out, and Joe dug out for the first like a good one.

The Maplewood center-fielder was after the ball as it circled above him.

Could he get it?

The academy boys were shrieking like young fiends, and the uproar could easily be heard a block away.

The ball was still in the air when Joe turned second, but it was beyond the fielder's reach anyway, for a moment later it hit the fence, rebounded, was picked up and fired toward the plate to catch Joe.

Joe slid for the rubber in a little cloud of dust as the ball struck the catcher's glove.

As the catcher reached to tag him, the ball slipped from his fingers and the young captain of the academy nine was safe.

Well, say, perhaps there wasn't pandemonium for several minutes.

Bailey then struck out and three runs went up on the score board.

The Maplewood batters were easy victims in the next two innings, and so were the academy boys, for that matter.

In the sixth, however, Maplewood got down to business by hitting Joe for three singles, which, with a base on balls and an error, netted them three runs, evening up the score.

Fairweather led off the sixth for the academy by striking out.

Joe was presented with his base.

Bailey put a neat single in right, advancing Joe by sharp running to third.

This was encouraging, for there was only one out, so the academy rooters got noisy and hilarious again.

Thompson had made a hit already, and another was looked for from him, but he ignominiously fanned.

Bailey, however, dashed the academy hopes to the ground by being caught trying to purloin second.

Maplewood opened the ninth with the score still 3 to 3.

An error by shortstop gave the first batter a life.

Then another fumble by Barry at third allowed the second batter to reach the first bag.

"Butter fingers!" howled a young Maplewood sympathizer in great glee.

To cap the climax the third batter put a high one back of second and Bailey dropped it.

"We got 'em on the run now," grinned the fourth batter as he came to the plate. "Just watch me put it over the fence."

It was hard luck for Joe.

Three chances for outs had been given and every one missed.

If the game was lost he couldn't be blamed.

Joe glanced at the private box and saw Bessie wave her hand to him.

That put him on his mettle and he struck out the batter, who had said he was going to put the ball over the fence.

With the bases all occupied and only one man out, the prospect was still very blue for the academy team.

But Joe fooled the next man into biting at three wide ones, and the academy crowd cheered lustily.

A few moments later the next batter up failed to locate Joe's deceptive delivery, and the boy received a tremendous ovation, for he had squeezed the team out of a very tight hole.

Joe had to lift his cap again as he came up to lead off the ninth inning.

He was frantically beseeched to soak it out of the lot.

As he tapped the rubber he flashed a look at Bessie.

She was standing up, glancing eagerly at him.

The Maplewood pitcher leered as he let drive an in-curve at the boy.

Joe reached for it quick, and the crack as his bat met the ball could be heard all over the ground.

A cyclonic roar followed.

The ball was going toward the left-field fence as if it had seven-league boots on.

Academy boys and their friends fell over one another, fired their hats into the air and acted generally as if they had gone crazy.

Before Joe reached second the ball was over the fence and the game won.

He trotted to the plate amid a storm of acclamations.

But he had eyes for only one thing—the white handkerchief waving in Bessie's hands and her shrieks of delight.

The score was 4 to 3 in favor of the academy team, and Joe was carried off the field on the shoulders of his comrades.

CHAPTER III.

LASHED TO A GUN.

There was high-jinks at the academy that evening.

The usual hour at which the students retired was extended one hour, so that the boys could prolong their rejoicings and give full expression to their enthusiasm over the great victory of their ball team.

As for the team itself, Tutor Applegate, with Major Pond's permission, invited them to a dinner given in their honor by the under-teachers, and they had a glorious old time at one of the tables in the refectory.

The other scholars turned in at ten o'clock, but the ball players had the privilege of remaining up half an hour longer.

Joe Fanwood, Bob Stewart, Hal Fairweather and Dick Bailey were crossing a section of the parade ground at the rear of the main academy when they saw a man staggering ahead of them in a very erratic fashion.

"Who the dickens is that?" asked Joe.

"Give it up," replied Bob, "but he looks as if he was full of booze."

"He's blind, staggering drunk, that's what he is," said Bailey.

"Must be one of the major's satellites," said Fairweather.

"Well, let's see who he is," grinned Joe. "It's against all rules for any one to appear on the grounds in that condition."

They hastened their steps and soon came up with the intoxicated individual, who was trying to walk an imaginary chalk line with very poor success.

"Why, it's Flynn," said Stewart, after peering into the fellow's face.

Pat Flynn was a man-of-all-work about the academy, and, owing to his prying, sneaking habits, had become particularly obnoxious to the boys.

The four members of the ball team stepped in front of him and the man came to a sudden stop, looking at them in a foolish, leering way.

"How are you, Mr. Flynn?" asked Joe, ironically. "How are you feeling this lovely evening?"

"Faith, I'm falin' loike a bir-rd. Long loife to yez, gents. Will yez be afther tellin' where I'm at?"

"Don't you know where you are, Mr. Flynn?" grinned Joe.

"Shure I don't."

"What have you got in your coattail pocket, Flynn?" asked Bailey.

"In me pocket, is it?" cried the Irishman, grabbing first at one coattail and then at the other, all the time maintaining his legs with the utmost difficulty. "Faith, don't say a worrud. It's a flask of whisky I've got. Will yez all drink wid me?"

"Don't you know that it's against the regulations to appear on the academy grounds with a bottle of whisky in your pocket?" said Joe, sternly.

"Shure I do. Do yez mane to say that this is the academy?"

"I do. We're on the parade ground."

"Howly Moses! I must get to me room to wanst. Will yez be so good as to p'int out the way to the shtable?"

"Sure we will," said Joe, giving his companions the wink. "Catch hold of his other arm, Bob, and we'll show him the way."

Sanwood and Stewart piloted the intoxicated man over to the building and up into the room where the four chums bunked.

"What are you going to do to him, Joe?" asked Fairweather, curiously.

"Oh, I ain't going to do a thing to him," grinned Joe, as he induced Flynn to seat himself on a chair. "I merely thought I'd try to improve the looks of that ugly phiz of his. Bob, oblige me by pulverizing those two pieces of chalk. And you, Dick, take that cork on the window-sill and burn it in the flame of the gas."

The two boys did as directed, and while they were thus employed Flynn went off into a drunken sleep and began to snore with his mouth wide open.

Joe took the pulverized chalk and rubbed it all over Flynn's face, except the fiery end of his nose, whose redness was thus thrown into more conspicuous relief.

On this white background the academy pitcher deftly sketched several crescents and other ornaments of a like nature in burnt cork, drawing a kind of winged crocodile on the Irishman's forehead.

Then he soaped Flynn's mustache till it stuck out as stiff as that of a French army dude, and on his chin he made as good an imitation of a goatee as he could draw with the cork.

"There! how does he look now?" asked the young artist.

"Great!" roared his companions, laughing till their sides ached.

"What do you call it, Joe?" asked Bob.

"This, fellows, is the only original What-is-it, now about to be put on exhibition for the first time for a limited period."

"What do you mean by 'about to be put on exhibition'?" asked Bob.

"Just what I said. I am going to exhibit him presently in public. This is only a private seance."

"Exhibit him in public! How do you mean?"

"I suppose you know there are a couple of old field-pieces on either side of the main entrance, don't you?"

"Sure I know it."

"Well, I propose to mount Flynn astride of one of them, tie his legs together so he can't fall off and hurt himself, and leave him there for the major to gaze upon when he opens his bedroom window in the morning for a whiff of fresh air."

"Oh, come now, Joe, this will get us all in trouble," objected Bob.

"How is the major going to find out who lashed Flynn to the gun?"

"He's sure to start an investigation, and the truth is bound to come out."

"What's the difference?" retorted Joe, recklessly. "You know what Flynn is. He ought to be made an example of. There isn't a fellow in the academy but would be delighted to take advantage of this chance to get back at the rascal. He keeps us continually in hot water, one way or another. Isn't that so, Hal?"

"That's right," nodded Fairweather. "I'll stand by you in this."

"So will I," chipped in Dick Bailey.

"All right," agreed Bob. "If all of you fellows are in this thing, I won't hold out. How are you going to do the trick?"

"Just wait till I go over to the toolhouse for a piece of rope," replied Joe.

While he was gone Flynn snored on, utterly oblivious of the fate in store for him.

"Isn't he a beauty, the drunken scalawag?" sneered Bailey.

"What he needs is a pair of horns, and then he'd be complete," laughed Hal.

"Let's make a pair and stick 'em on," said Bob.

"Go ahead and make them, if you know how," encouraged Bailey.

Bob got some cardboard and, with a pair of scissors and some mucilage, manufactured a tolerable pair of short horns, which he stuck on either side of Flynn's partially bald forehead.

He blackened them well with burnt cork.

"They look quite natural," grinned Bailey.

Joe thought so, too, when he returned with the rope and saw the addition that had been made to the victim.

He shook Flynn into a maudlin wakefulness and told him he must go along with them.

The Irishman allowed the boys to lead him downstairs on to the parade ground again, but as soon as the night air played around him he began to exhibit a tendency to boisterousness.

"This won't do at all," said Joe to his companions. "We must shut him up or the fat will soon be in the fire."

As Flynn opened his mouth to utter a roar, Bailey clapped a handkerchief into it and so gagged him, for the time being at any rate.

They marched him around to the front of the academy, lifted him astride of the field gun, with his face to the vent, that stood almost under Major Pond's bedroom windows, and lashed him tight, in spite of his struggles, taking care to secure his hands behind his back.

"Now let's sneak," said Bob.

"Good-night, Mr. Flynn," said Joe, taking off his cap and making the fellow a mock bow.

"Good-night," repeated the other three, also making low bows.

Then the four boys withdrew as noiselessly as so many shadows.

In a short time the moon rose high above the building and shone down full on the decorated features of Pat Flynn, who had been making ineffectual efforts to get free from his disagreeable situation.

At last he succeeded in getting rid of the gag.

Finding he could use his tongue, he began to roar at the top of his voice.

The major was awakened and jumped from his bed to see what caused the racket.

As he slammed up one of the windows Flynn started to sing in maudlin tones.

Major Pond gazed down at the figure that bestrode the field-piece.

Never in all his life had he seen such a queer-looking face, though he had run across many a grotesquely painted Indian in his time out West.

Flynn by this time had forgotten all about the circumstances which had placed him in his present situation and had reached a kind of jovial stage of drunkenness.

"Who are you?" roared the major, angrily. "And what are you doing astride that gun?"

Flynn stopped singing and looked up at the principal of the academy.

He did not recognize that important person, nor did he appear to realize where he was.

"Are yez spakin' to me, ye ould orang-outang?" he replied, with a hiccup.

"So it's you, Patrick Flynn, is it?" cried Major Pond, in some astonishment, as he recognized the man's voice. "And you're drunk again, eh? Get down from that gun instantly and go to your quarters, sir. I'll attend to you to-morrow."

"Go to blazes!" howled the Irishman. "Who are yez, anyway, that presumes to order me about? One would think yez was ould Pond himself, bad luck to yez!"

"What!" gasped the enraged principal. "Do you dare talk to me in that way, you rascal?"

Flynn regarded the major with a leer for a moment; then he began bawling:

"Arrah musha, McFadden was lazy and fat, and the hair of his head struck out through his hat. He weighed forty-three; if he weighed a stun more, bejabbers, I'm thinkin' he'd weighed forty-four. Hurrah!"

"Will you get off that gun, you drunken villain?" shouted Major Pond.

"Get off what gun?" replied Flynn, insolently. "What are yez talkin' about? Be the poker! It's drunk yez are yerself." Bang!

Down went the window, and in another moment Flynn began to sing again, making the night air resound with a ditty which aroused Tutor Applegate on the third floor and brought him to his own window, where he gazed down in astonishment at the weird figure upon the field-piece.

In ten minutes Major Pond, partially dressed and accompanied by one of the male servants in his shirt-sleeves, appeared around the corner of the building and approached the mounted Irishman.

"Pull the scoundrel off that field-piece!" cried the major to his companion.

His satellite started to obey, but found that for certain reasons he couldn't.

He reported that Flynn was securely lashed to the gun, with his hands tied behind him.

Major Pond came forward and soon convinced himself that it was a fact.

"Some of the boys are evidently at the bottom of this," he remarked grimly. "Cut the fellow loose and take him to his quarters. What a face he's got! This is Fanwood's handiwork. That boy is simply incorrigible."

Flynn was relieved from his perch, but now showed a disposition to fight.

Perceiving which in time, the other servant did not loosen his arms, but half led, half dragged the Irishman to his quarters, threw him on his bed just as he was and left him to sleep off the effects of his debauch.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

Next morning shortly after breakfast Major Pond sent for Joe Fanwood to come to his office.

When the boy appeared he motioned him to a seat near his desk.

"Last night I found Patrick Flynn tied to one of the field-pieces directly under the windows of my sleeping apartment," began the major severely. "His face was decorated in a fantastic manner with chalk and burnt cork. Were you implicated in the affair or not, sir?"

"Do you insist on my answering that question, Major Pond?"

"I do."

"Then I am compelled to answer yes."

"Did you have any accomplices?"

"I had three companions."

"Mention their names, please."

"I would like to be excused, Major Pond."

"I insist, sir," demanded the principal.

"Then I will have to refuse to answer, because it would be manifestly unfair for me to mention who they were."

"I will give you the choice of telling me who they were or leaving the academy at once," said the principal angrily.

"I am very sorry, sir, but I cannot say who the boys were."

"That is your decision, is it, Fanwood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I dismiss you from the Maplewood Military Academy because you are a confirmed practical joker. I have given you every chance to reform, but you seem to be utterly heedless of the consequences. I have stretched discipline to the utmost in your favor; I have overlooked matters in your case that I never before passed over, hoping that I might reclaim you, but I see no hope of reformation in your practical joking. It is a bad practice under any circumstances, but you carry it to excess. Go to your room and pack up. Here are ten dollars for your expenses back to your home. I will settle the rest with your guardian."

Joe rose from his chair and looked at the major with a lump in his throat.

He seemed about to say something.

Then he pulled himself together, made the customary salute in true military style and marched out of the office.

Major Pond watched him go with a solemn countenance.

"Too bad. Too bad," he muttered. "He's a fine boy, but—"

He turned to examine his morning's mail.

There came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said the major.

Bessie Pond entered and danced up to her father's desk.

"I'm going to town this morning, papa, on Dandy. Is there anything I can get for you?" she asked, twining an arm caressingly around the major's neck.

"No, my darling," he replied. "Be careful of yourself."

"Yes, papa."

She kissed him and danced out of the office again.

In the meantime, Joe walked solemnly across the parade ground to his quarters.

The boys had just been marched into the different classrooms for the morning's work, and so Joe found the grounds and the room vacant.

He packed his trunk slowly, as if the job was distasteful to him, and the last few necessary articles he put into a small handbag, which he slung over his shoulders.

Long before he had finished, happening to glance from the window, he saw Patrick Flynn with a grip in his hand walking sullenly toward one of the side gates which opened upon the road that led toward the distant town of Maplewood.

He had been summarily discharged by the major.

As the fellow passed the corner of the building where the principal's office was, he shook his fist at the window and then went on his way.

Joe was almost ready to leave the room when he saw Bessie Pond, mounted on her pony Dandy, canter out at the front gate.

The sight of the girl caused a spasm of regret to cross his handsome features, and he watched her until she was out of sight down the road.

Then he went to the storeroom adjoining the gymnasium, where his bicycle was kept, got it from the boy in charge, who looked at him in some surprise, but made no remark, and wheeling it outside, mounted it and started for the same gate through which Flynn had taken his departure.

Passing through, he looked back at the academy, where he had spent some very happy hours, and the lump came into his throat again, and a suspicious moisture dimmed his fine eyes.

"Good-by," he said, in shaky tones. "Good-by forever. It's tough, leaving you in this way, but it can't be helped. I couldn't have done different if my life depended on my actions. I wish—well, what's the odds? I'm done for in that direction, so what's the use of thinking about the matter any more?"

He started at a smart pace down the road, and soon a grove of trees shut the military academy from his sight.

After covering perhaps four miles he drew near a lane running up to a somewhat pretentious mansion.

Through the trees he saw a flutter of white approaching the road.

In a few minutes he recognized Bessie Pond and her white pony Dandy.

As they turned into the highway ahead of him a man rose from the shrubbery, waved his hands and shouted wildly, and then threw a big stone at the pony.

The animal shied violently, the saddle girth broke and the girl was unseated, and only saved herself from a nasty fall by throwing her arms around the pony's neck, which dashed off down the road at a mad pace.

"Great Scott! She'll be killed!" cried Joe, starting after her at full speed.

As he passed the lane he gave a momentary glance at the man, who was shrinking back among the bushes after accomplishing his dastardly action.

That one glimpse enable Joe to recognize Patrick Flynn.

"The scoundrel!" gritted the boy, as he pedaled away for all he was worth. "He did that in revenge for his discharge from the academy. If Bessie is hurt I'll see that he gets what's coming to him."

Joe saw that the pony had taken the bit in her teeth and was wholly unmanageable.

The boy had hopes that he would be able to catch up with the little mare and stop her before she shook Bessie off.

But he soon saw that he had a hard chase ahead of him. A stern chase is always a long one, and this was no exception to the rule.

The question was, could Joe hold out long enough to overtake the frantic pony.

He put on steam in good earnest.

Never before had he got such speed out of his wheel.

As the early morning sunshine glistened on the steel spokes they glowed like long needles of fire.

He saw with satisfaction that he was steadily gaining on the pony, which, though unmanageable, was impeded by Bessie's tight hug about her arching neck.

Suddenly he heard the long shriek of a locomotive near at hand.

All at once it came to his mind that they were closing in on the railroad tracks of the D., P. & L. road, which passed by Maplewood.

He rose a bit from his bent attitude and glanced away to the left.

A long freight train was coming down the line at a ten-mile-an-hour clip.

Two problems instantly presented themselves to his mind.

Would the pony reach the track in time to pass clear of the train?

If so, would he be shut off himself by the cars, and thus give the animal a lead he could not expect to overcome?

There was still another and truly awful possibility that the fleeing animal might reach the track only in time to be dashed with her fair rider to their death against the moving freight.

Joe's blood turned cold and the perspiration oozed out in great drops on his forehead as he thought of the last contingency, which loomed up with startling distinctness before his eyes.

"I must catch Dandy before she reaches the track," he breathed. "I've simply got to do it if I break a leg."

Now they struck a slight declivity which ran down to the tracks.

The freight train was coming on fast.

Joe saw now that the pony would never be able to clear it.

It was the question of life or death for him to reach the fleeing little mare in a very few seconds and turn her aside down the tracks.

He made the wheel hum as it never hummed since it came from the maker's.

Inch by inch he crept up on the terror-stricken animal.

Now he reached and was overlapping its flanks.

Now up to where the saddle girth had been.

The engine was crossing the roadway ahead, and it seemed as if nothing could avert a catastrophe that would involve even Joe himself in his headlong rush.

Fairly dizzy from the terrible strain he had imposed on himself, he reached out one hand and grasped the pony's bridle as he leaped to the ground.

Then he turned off to the right, dragging the animal around with him.

Bessie just missed bumping into the cars by a hair's breadth.

The pony tossed its head wildly, but Joe held on for all he was worth.

The boy was hanging back, throwing his weight upon Dandy.

The engineer and fireman were looking back with starting eyes at the struggle beside the track, while the crew of the train at different points upon the cars were also intensely interested in the outcome of the affair.

The animal had to slow down, whether she wanted to or not.

At last she came to a dead stop.

Joe rushed around to the terrified girl's aid.

"Joe Fanwood!" she exclaimed, as she dimly recognized him.

Then she slipped inertly into his waiting arms.

She had fainted.

CHAPTER V.

JOE'S RESOLVE.

Joe laid Bessie Pond tenderly on the grass as the caboose, the last car on the freight, flashed by them, with the conductor and another man standing at the doorway looking back.

He tied Dandy to the fence, picked up his wheel and stood it against a tree, and then returned to the unconscious girl.

Taking her into his arms again he carried her to a little stream which ran through a culvert under the tracks.

Placing her on the ground, with her head on his knee, he began to sprinkle water on her face and to chafe her temples.

Her golden hair had escaped its confining pins and lay spread out in the sunshine like a mass of glittering strands.

She was as pale as death, and the fluttering breath came in little gasps between her pearly teeth showed through her parted lips.

She was a beauty, and no mistake, but Joe wasn't thinking of her good looks just then.

All his thoughts were concentrated in the effort to bring her back to her senses.

After a little while she uttered a sigh and opened her eyes.

Her gaze met Joe's and something like astonishment came into her face.

"Do you feel better, Miss Bessie?" he asked eagerly.

"Better!" she exclaimed wonderingly. "Why, what is the matter with me? What has happened?"

"Your pony was frightened and ran away with you, don't you remember? I chased you on my wheel, and only caught up in time to save Dandy from going headlong against a freight train."

"Oh!" she cried, as a look of terror flashed from her eyes. "I remember. Yes. It was dreadful. And you saved my life, and Dandy's! How shall I ever thank you enough, Joe Fanwood? Papa will be so grateful to you. I am the only little girl he has. He will never, never forget what you have done for me as long as he lives. And I never will forget it either."

"All right, Miss Bessie," replied the boy, cheerfully. "I'm awfully glad I was able to do you this service."

"Aren't you good? And oh, so brave! Why, you risked your own life to save me."

"Well, s'pose I did? It's all right. You're not hurt, and I'm perfectly satisfied."

"I am very, very grateful to you. You believe me, don't you?"

"Sure I do, and if you're satisfied we'll let it go at that."

"But I shall always be grateful, Joe Fanwood. Always. I'm sure papa won't be able to do enough for you now."

"Your father won't have much chance to do anything for me, Miss Bessie," said the boy, with a shade of emotion in his tones.

"Won't have a chance," she ejaculated, sitting up and trying to secure her hair. "Why not? What do you mean?" regarding him with a puzzled expression.

"Oh, nothing," replied Joe, gulping down his feelings.

"But I want to know," she persisted in her wilful way.

"I don't think the matter would interest you, Miss Bessie."

"You talk so strangely. I've never spoken to you before, have I? And just to think you have saved my life! We must be good friends after this," she concluded with a shy eagerness that was very bewitching.

"I wish we could, but I'm afraid we can't."

"Why can't we? I know papa won't object after——"

"The reason is because I probably won't see you again."

"Won't see me again!" opening her eyes in great surprise.

"I don't understand you."

"I have left the academy."

"You have——"

She stopped and looked at him as if she could not believe the evidence of her ears.

"Your father dismissed me this morning because—because I'm the worst boy in the school. That's about the size of it, though he didn't actually say so. From the way he spoke I guess he meant it. So you see——"

"My father dismissed you—you, Joe Fanwood! The brightest, smartest boy in the academy! You who won the ball game yesterday! I can't, I really can't believe it."

"I'm sorry to say it's a fact. Well, it was my own fault. I've played all sorts of jokes there. I nearly spoiled that statue of Apollo. I——"

"Wasn't that the funniest thing I ever saw in all my life!" she cried, with a rippling laugh, as the recollection of the figure in all its ridiculous decoration recurred to her mind. "I never, never saw anything half so comical. What a genius you are!" admiringly.

"I may be a genius, but I guess your father thinks I am a fool. At any rate, what I and three of my friends did last night to Pat Flynn, who was employed about the stables, and whom we caught drunk on the parade grounds at half-past ten, settled me with Major Pond. I was called to his office this morning, and after I had admitted my guilt I was dismissed, you may as well call it expelled, because I refused to give the names of my comrades in the affair. That's all there is to it. I'm now no longer a student. It's rather rough on me, but it's my own fault."

"It's too bad," said Bessie. "But my father will overlook everything now just as soon as I tell him what you have done for me."

"I'm afraid I couldn't go back, Miss Bessie."

"Not even for my sake?" she asked, earnestly.

"For your sake I'd do anything; but please don't ask me. I've made up my mind to start out in the world on my own hook and see what I can do. Were I to return to the academy it would only be a question of a short time before I got myself into some other scrape. I've given your father trouble enough. He's been very lenient with me, anyway. You can't expect him to stand for everything."

"But I don't want you to leave the academy," she said, poutingly.

"I have already left."

"You must go back with me," coaxingly.

Joe shook his head.

"I'd like to, but——"

"But what?"

"I'm too proud to return after having been dismissed."

"But papa will make that all right."

"I dare say that under the present circumstances he'd be willing to stretch a point. But I don't care to ask him to do so. I'm going to try my luck in Maplewood. If you'll permit me to write to you I'll let you know how I am getting on. Hustling for a living may cure me of my tendency for practical joking. At any rate, I think I ought to give it a trial."

"Well," replied Bessie, regretfully, "if you are determined not to go back, of course I can't persuade you to do so. I shall be glad if you will write to me, and I will answer your letters if you enclose your address. If you should change your mind about coming back to school you can let me know."

"I promise to do so in that case," agreed Joe. "Now I had better go back with you to the point where your saddle came off, and fix it on again somehow, so that you can get home."

Joe unhitched the pony and gave the bridle to Bessie to lead him by, while he walked by her side, pushing his wheel along.

The saddle was found in the middle of the road, and Joe managed to patch the girth so that it promised to hold if the girl walked her animal to the academy.

"Allow me to help you up," he said, politely.

"You will write me soon, won't you?" she asked, holding him by the hand.

"Yes. Good-by, Miss Bessie."

"Good-by, Mr. Fanwood."

The boy mounted his wheel and rode off toward Maplewood, Bessie watching him until he was out of sight.

CHAPTER VI.

OUT FOR BUSINESS.

Joe Fanwood hired a small furnished room in Maplewood, arranged with an expressman to go out to the academy and bring in his trunk, and after his dinner at a restaurant started out to take a survey of the business section of the town.

As he passed a popular cafe he was buttonholed by Jake Stebbins, manager of the Maplewood League ball team.

"Hello, Fanwood," he said. "What are you doing in town? Come in and have something."

"Thanks, Mr. Stebbins, but I don't drink," replied Joe, politely.

"Well, have a cigar, then."

"I don't smoke, either."

"Don't you? Well, I wish all the members of my team were like you. I have to keep a mighty sharp lookout on the boys to prevent them from crooking the elbow during the season. There's a heavy fine goes with the offense, but the lads are up to all sorts of tricks to evade it. Goslin, my new pitcher, is the worst offender. I got him from Kansas City. He's a fine slab artist, but I find him pretty unreliable. The Western League let him go because they couldn't control his habits, I guess."

"We didn't find him such an extraordinary puzzle yesterday," grinned Joe, forgetting that he was no longer a member of the academy nine. "We made six hits off of his delivery, which was pretty good, considering our team is not in your class."

"You made half the hits yourself, Fanning—two homers and a single. You played the whole game. My men only reached you in one inning. If you hadn't been in the game it would have been a farce comedy. If I had you on my team I'd let Goslin slide; upon my word I would."

"Much obliged for your good opinion of me, Mr. Stebbins."

"Don't mention it. You deserve it all right. By the way, have you chaps a holiday to-day?"

"No. Why?"

"I didn't know but you had, seeing you in town. It isn't often you lads get outside your grounds during the term."

"No, not often."

"Got time to come out to the grounds this afternoon?"

"I don't know," replied Joe, doubtfully.

"Well, I'll give you a pass to the grandstand," said the manager, producing his card and writing a few words on the back of it. "Drop out if you can. We play the Roslyns. Game begins at three. We open the regular season to-morrow at Ridgewood."

The manager shook hands with Joe and walked down the street, while the boy continued his stroll.

When Joe got back to his lodging-house he found that the expressman had come back without his trunk, but had brought a note in place of it from Major Pond.

The major wrote in very feeling terms of the obligation he was under to the boy for saving his daughter's life, and urged him to return to the academy at once, as everything would be overlooked, and he was very anxious to thank him in person.

Joe, however, had decided not to return, and so he wrote Major Pond a note to that effect, giving his reasons for his resolve, and thanking the principal for his many kindnesses in the past, which he said he was now able to appreciate that the ties between himself and the school had been severed.

He sent this note out by the expressman next morning with the request that his trunk be sent on.

Major Pond read the note with much regret, but he felt that he could not do otherwise than comply with Joe's request, and so the trunk was delivered to the expressman, and by him left at the boy's lodgings.

Joe had no definite idea what he would do for a living when he left his lodgings on the following morning.

To go into a store or a shop and work for the meager wages which would be offered to him, a greenhorn in the world, was not what he was looking for.

He was ambitious to engage in some business that, through the exercise of energy and perseverance, he could make good money at in the near future.

His plan was a good one, but being young and inexperienced, he did not know how to put it into execution.

While he considered the important question he mechanically turned into a side street off the main business thoroughfare, and presently saw a sign in a small store window which read: "Agents Wanted."

Joe stopped and studied the sign attentively.

"Maybe that would suit me if I could catch on. I'll go in and see what it amounts to."

So he entered the store, which was filled with samples of agricultural machinery.

There were also shelves loaded down with a lot of miscellaneous truck.

He asked for the proprietor, and a very small youth, who was dusting the articles on the shelves, referred him to a small room at the back of the store, where he found a wizened little man reading the morning paper.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked Joe, in a business-like way.

"Yes. What can I do for you?" asked the man, looking at the visitor over his spectacles.

"You have a sign in your window, 'Agents wanted.' I would like to know what the business is, and whether I would fill the bill in case I found it suited me."

The man looked Joe all over before he replied.

"Yes; I want an agent to sell agricultural machinery and other things, but I hardly think you'd suit."

"How do you know I wouldn't?" asked Joe, politely but decisively.

The proprietor of the establishment seemed rather struck by Fanwood's reply.

He put down the paper and looked him over again more carefully than before.

"Well," he said, with a slight smile, "you're a boy. What I want is a man—and a man with experience."

"I'm not a man, and I haven't any experience selling agricultural machinery or anything else; but I'm looking for work that has a future in it. I'm not afraid to hustle where there's anything in it for me. Perhaps it might pay you to give me some idea what you expect your agent to do; what the prospects are for a good man, and other facts that would give me some idea of the business. Then if I thought I could do anything worth while in your line I'd like you to give me a chance at it."

Evidently Joe's words and manner produced a favorable impression on the man, for he pointed to a chair beside his desk and asked him to sit down.

"You are rather young to embark in the business; still if you have the right stuff in you there is no reason why you shouldn't in time make a first-class agent. What have you been doing?"

"I've been at school until yesterday," replied Joe.

"Then you are quite green in the ways of business," said the man, pursing up his lips, which the boy took to be an unfavorable sign.

"I admit it. But the fact doesn't worry me in the least. I've got to learn to make my living, and the sooner I begin the better. I don't care to tie myself down to store or shop work. I wouldn't like it, and so it would be a clear waste of time and energy. I want to take up something in which I could interest myself. Something that offered encouragement for me to go at it for all I'm worth. I think I'd like to sell

things to people. If an article struck me as being good I am sure I would take an interest in convincing people in need of that article that they ought to buy it. Take this electric fan you have on your desk, for instance; there is something that everybody needs in summer. Of course persons without electric connections in their buildings could not use it; but wherever the facilities exist to supply it with power there it ought to be. If I had an office I wouldn't be without one myself in the hot term."

Joe spoke earnestly and animatedly, and the man smiled. "I am the general agent in Maplewood for that machine," he said. "How would you like to try your hand at selling them? A few days' work about town canvassing stores, offices and factories would probably give me a line on your adaptability for selling merchandise."

"I would like to try it, sir."

"Then you shall. I rather think you're cut out for a good agent and canvasser. You have a pleasing address, a convincing manner, and you talk well as far as I can determine at this short interview. Your youth and lack of experience are all that seem to be against you. This electric fan is an entirely new article in this place, and I haven't started to introduce it yet. I will give you a bunch of the literature for you to read up and familiarize yourself with the advantages and good qualities of the machine. I have a perfect working model in miniature, which you can carry around to make a practical demonstration with. You can leave some of the circulars and other printed matter wherever you call and keep a record of every place you visit, with an eye to calling later if you interest the party but he does not take a machine at once."

Mr. Jackson, that was the general agent's name, then proceeded to give Joe an insight into the methods generally followed by canvassing agents in their efforts to make a sale.

In his earlier days he had been a successful agent himself, and he made the boy wise to many points that would have taken him months to learn by experience.

After Joe had studied up the electric fan literature he felt fully prepared to go out and hustle, and so, with his pockets full of printed matter, and the model machine on his arm, he started out for business.

CHAPTER VII.

JOE DINES WITH BESSIE POND AND HER FATHER.

Joe succeeded in convincing two people before twelve o'clock that the electric fan was just what they needed for the coming summer, which would soon be upon them.

He also disposed of one at the restaurant where he got his dinner, to be placed on the cashier's desk.

The house itself was supplied with revolving wooden fans dependent from the ceiling.

During the afternoon the boy got orders for six more of the machines, making nine in all he sold on his first day.

As his commission was fifty cents on each fan sold, he felt pretty well satisfied with the results of the day's work.

Mr. Jackson was both surprised and pleased when he showed him the nine orders which were to be delivered C. O. D. next day.

"I guess I didn't make any mistake in you, young man," he said. "If you go on the way you have begun you'll turn out a hummer. Do you want any money on account? I don't usually pay any commission at all in advance, but the showing you have made to-day is deserving of some encouragement, so I will make an exception in your favor."

"No, sir. I don't need any money to-day."

"Then I'll pay you the \$4.50 you earned to-day to-morrow night."

"All right, sir. That's satisfactory."

Next day was Friday and Joe sold six electric fans.

That night he wrote a letter to his guardian, telling him that he had severed his connection with the academy, and the cause that had led to it.

He thanked Mr. Jessup for his kindness and consideration to him in the past, hoped that he would forgive his delinquencies, and told him that he was now fully determined to make his way in the world solely by his own efforts.

He mailed the letter in the morning, enclosing his Maplewood address, so that his guardian could communicate with him if so disposed, and that day sold five more of the fans, and every one to people who at first refused to consider his proposition and only grudgingly allowed him to give a demonstration of their utility.

When he reached his lodgings that afternoon he found that

a messenger from the academy had been there and left a note for him.

It was a pressing invitation from Major Pond that he take dinner with himself and Bessie on Sunday afternoon at three.

"We shall expect you, my dear boy, so don't fail to come," the note concluded.

The prospect of seeing Bessie Pond again was an alluring one, and so Joe decided that he would accept the invitation.

Accordingly he dressed himself with unusual care Sunday afternoon, and about two o'clock he took the trolley which passed within a short distance of the academy.

He arrived at his destination shortly before three, and was shown into the private sitting-room, where he found Bessie waiting to receive him.

"It was so good of you to come, Mr. Fanwood," she cried, impulsively stretching out both hands to him as he stepped forward to greet her.

"I was very glad to come, Miss Bessie," he said, with flushed face. "It was very kind of your father to invite me."

"Papa was anxious to see you and thank you in person for saving my life the other day. He was greatly disappointed when you declined to return to the academy, and so was I."

"I hope neither you nor your father are offended at the course I have taken," said Joe, earnestly.

"Oh, no. You had a perfect right to act as you thought best. Only we think it would be ever so much better for you if you would decide to come back next term and finish your course."

"I don't say that it wouldn't; but I'm afraid that Mr. Jessup, my guardian, when he learns what has occurred will wash his hands of me altogether."

"Why should he do that?" asked Bessie, in some surprise.

"Well, I've given him a good deal of trouble, one way or the other. He is in no way related to me, and only agreed to take charge of me because my father was an old and valued friend of his. Under these circumstances I have decided to relieve him of the responsibility and hoe my own way myself. I am not afraid but I can do it. In fact, I never felt so independent and self-reliant as since your father politely told me that the Maplewood Military Academy would know me no more."

"I hope you're not angry with papa for dismissing you. You know you told me that you felt you deserved it. At any rate, papa would give a great deal to have you back again."

"I have only the pleasantest feeling toward your father, Miss Bessie, I assure you. I have no kick coming at all. I think it will do me good to hustle a little for myself. I hope it will take the foolishness out of me. If a fellow has the right kind of ambition, it doesn't do him any good to have things come his way too easy. Kind of spoils him, don't you think?"

"I am sure I don't know. Papa will understand that better than I. I only hope you will get along nicely whatever you do."

"You are very good to say that, Miss Bessie," replied Joe, gratefully.

"Why shouldn't I wish you every good fortune? Am not I under the greatest obligations to you?"

"I wish you wouldn't mention that, Miss Bessie. I was only too pleased to have the opportunity to do you a service."

"Thank you, Mr. Fanwood," said Bessie, with a blush.

At this point Major Pond entered the room.

"I am very glad to see you, Fanwood," he said, taking Joe by the hands.

Then he proceeded to tell the boy how much he appreciated the nerve and courage he had displayed in saving his daughter's life.

"It is, of course, impossible for me ever to repay the debt I owe you," continued the major. "Such a service as that is beyond price. I wish, however, to offer you a slight evidence of my appreciation, as well as a token of remembrance, and so beg your acceptance of this watch and chain."

He handed the boy a box which bore the imprint of the most prominent jeweler in Maplewood.

Joe opened it and found an elegant gold watch and chain, suitably inscribed on the case.

"I thank you very much, Major Pond, for this valuable present, and it will give me great pleasure to wear it."

"And I hope you will wear this also, as coming from me, Mr. Fanwood," said Bessie, stepping up and presenting him with a splendid tie held together with a diamond pin of considerable value.

Joe accepted it with much pleasure and thanked her for it.

"I believe dinner is ready," remarked Major Pond. "So we will adjourn to the next room. You may take Bessie in."

Joe offered his arm very politely to the young lady, and she laughingly accepted it.

The dinner was an enjoyable affair, and Joe thought Bessie not only the most charming, but the brightest girl he had ever met.

Through the windows he occasionally caught glimpses of many of his old schoolmates wandering around the parade ground, or perched about the doors and at the open windows of their quarters.

This sight of the boys made him feel a trifle homesick, and he almost regretted that he had refused the major's pressing invitation to return.

However, he had put his shoulder to the wheel to make his own way in the world, and he had no thought of backing out.

After dinner Major Pond asked him to give his own version of the capture of the runaway pony, which he did with due modesty.

"Bessie told me that she thought it was a tramp who had frightened Dandy."

"No, Major Pond, it was not a tramp, but Patrick Flynn. He came out of the bushes by the side of the road and deliberately stampeded the pony, throwing up his hands, hollering, and finally throwing a stone at the animal."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed the major, angrily. "I ought to have the rascal arrested if I could lay my hands on him."

When the boys were marched into the refectory to supper Bessie asked Joe if he would like to go out with her on the river a little while in her own special boat.

He said he would be delighted to do so, and so they went.

They spent an hour on the placid bosom of the little river which flowed through Major Pond's property.

The young people found a great deal of pleasure in each other's society, and finally when it came time for Joe to take his departure for Maplewood he said he hoped Bessie would permit him to visit her soon again.

"I shall always be pleased to see you whenever you find it convenient to call," she replied, in a tone which left no doubt in his mind but that he would be welcome.

"Thank you, Miss Bessie," he replied. "I will send you word when you may expect me."

With that he bade her good-by, receiving a gentle pressure from her hand, and started for the trolley road.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOE'S EARLY SUCCESS.

During the next week Joe worked with great zeal to introduce the electric fan into Maplewood, and succeeded so well that his commissions amounted to \$25.

On Saturday morning he received a letter from his guardian expressing surprise at the intelligence he had received from Joe.

While he admired the boy's pluck in facing the world on his own responsibility, which was very like his father, still he said he did not approve of the course he had taken and strongly advised him to go back and finish the term at the academy.

He further said that he had received a letter from Major Pond containing a full explanation of the situation, in which he had referred to Joe's thrilling rescue of his daughter, and his earnest desire that Fanwood would come back to school.

The letter enclosed a draft on the Maplewood National Bank for \$50, payable to Joe's order.

He answered this letter immediately, thanking Mr. Jessup for his expressions of good will as well as for the draft, which he said he did not need, as he was already making money selling electric fans in town, but would keep it lest he offend him, which he did not wish to do.

As for returning to the academy he said he had made up his mind not to do so, and gave his reasons for his determination.

The following week ushered in a warm wave, and this greatly helped him in his electric fan sales, so that he cleared over \$100 in the six days.

On Sunday he paid another visit to the academy, spending a very enjoyable afternoon and evening with Bessie, and taking tea with her and the major.

During his previous visit he had explained to Major Pond what he was doing in Maplewood, and had also told Bessie something about his plans.

They were now both anxious to know how he was getting on.

He gave them the full particulars of his success with the fans up to date, and received their congratulations.

The major gave him an order for one dozen of the fans for his school.

Joe and Bessie went walking after tea, and on their way back ran against Bob Stewart and Hal Fairweather.

Fanwood had already written to Bob a full explanation why he had left the academy so unceremoniously.

Stewart read the letter to his roommates, Fairweather and Bailey, and the true reason for Joe's mysterious disappearance was soon known all over the school.

One of the results of the letter was that Stewart, Fairweather and Bailey appeared before Major Pond in his study and confessed that they were the ones who had been mixed up with Fanwood in the Pat Flynn affair.

The principal accepted their statement, sentenced them to one week's confinement in the guard house, and then suspended the punishment indefinitely.

"Hello, Joe," exclaimed Bob, in great surprise, grasping him by the hand and shaking it violently, an example immediately followed by Fairweather. "Awfully glad to see you. Are you coming back to us to finish the term?"

"No," replied Fanwood, whose glowing countenance showed that he was delighted to meet a couple of his old chums again.

He did not introduce them to Bessie, believing Major Pond would not approve of it, and the girl, understanding the situation, walked on ahead.

"You don't mean to say that you've left us for good?" asked Hal, anxiously.

"I can't answer that question yet, Hal. I may come back next term and I may not. Just as I happen to feel on the subject when the time comes."

"Well, I hope you will come back. We all feel lost without you."

"What are you doing, anyway?" asked Bob, curiously.

"What am I doing?" grinned Joe. "Oh, I'm out for business."

"Out for business!" cried both boys in surprise.

"That's it exactly. I'm hustling on my own hook."

"At what?" asked Fairweather.

"At present I'm selling electric fans."

"How are you making out?" from Bob.

"Tiptop. Made \$40 this week."

"You don't say."

"That's right. And Major Pond has just given me an order for a dozen fans for the academy that will be delivered tomorrow."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Bob. "You're doing all right."

They had now reached one of the side gates, and after a few more words the boys parted, and Joe rejoined Bessie.

"When shall I see you again, Mr. Fanwood?" asked the girl as she was bidding him good-night at the gate a couple of hours later.

"Well, that will depend."

"On what?"

"Whether you're very anxious to see me soon again or not."

"Why, of course I want to see you soon again," she exclaimed, with a slight blush. "Have you any reason to doubt that?"

"No; but I'd like to make a little bargain with you."

"A bargain?"

"Yes. Would you care to have me come every Sunday afternoon?"

"I should be delighted to have you do so."

"Will your father be pleased?"

"Yes; I think I can answer for papa."

"Very well. If you'll agree to drop calling me Mr. Fanwood, and just call me plain Joe when we're by ourselves, and at the same time let me address you as Bessie without the formality of miss, why, I'll not miss a Sunday till you go away to the seaside or the mountains. Am I asking too much—Bessie?"

She looked down with a bright blush, and tapped the ground with the point of her dainty little shoe before making any reply.

"I haven't offended you, have I?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, Joe," she answered softly, looking up into his face with her wonderfully expressive eyes. "How could you ever offend me? I owe my life to you, and I shall never forget that as long as I live."

The fourth week proved a banner one with Joe, for he succeeded in placing the fans in many big offices, and collected nearly fifty dollars in commissions.

By this time he had pretty well exhausted the available places in town, and so as he made only fifteen dollars on the following week he decided to drop the electric fan.

After paying all his expenses he found he had something over two hundred dollars deposited in the Maplewood Savings Bank, and this was a comforting reflection.

Joe, after a talk with Mr. Jackson, and a study of agricultural machine literature, decided he would try his hand at it and see what he could do.

If he had any business worth mentioning his profits would be much above what he had been reaping from the electric fans.

So at the beginning of the following week he hired an automobile, took several lessons in the management of it, and then started out around the nearby country on a visit to the farmers.

At the very first farm he struck he found that the owner was preparing to visit Maplewood to buy a new reaper for the coming season.

Joe saw his chance to sell one, and he buzzed the farmer for an hour on the subject, showing him illustrations from all points of view of a machine that Mr. Jackson was the agent for, and which he claimed was superior to any other reaper for the price on the market.

The farmer finally agreed to visit Jackson's store and have a look at the real thing on exhibition there.

Joe carried him to town in his auto, showed him the reaper, and finally talked him into buying it.

This sale added one hundred dollars to Fanwood's savings, and he was tickled to death over his good luck.

During the rest of the week he sold several improved plows, a barrow or two, and a number of other minor farming implements, netting altogether another hundred dollars in commissions.

"I guess I'm doing pretty well for a beginner," he said to Mr. Jackson, when he collected what was coming to him at the close of the week.

"You're doing fine, Fanwood. I hadn't the slightest idea you would develop so quickly. You've averaged about fifty dollars per week since you started in six weeks ago."

Joe now began to get the idea into his head that if he could do so well selling for Jackson, he ought to be able to do still better if he worked direct for some big manufacturing house.

So he opened a correspondence with several concerns in different parts of the country, with the view of acting as their sole agent in that locality.

Only one house took up his proposition on the spot.

That was a Cincinnati publishing and printing company whose specialty was the manufacture of elegantly illuminated advertising calendars.

The firm forwarded Joe several specimens with their terms, and a letter expressing their hope that Fanwood would take up the business, which they represented as a very profitable one to a hustler.

After figuring the matter out he concluded to give the work a trial, and sent them the necessary deposit to cover a complete line of samples, which amount was to be reimbursed when he sent in his first order.

While waiting for his samples Joe hired a small office in a business block on the main street of Maplewood, and started in to furnish it up in a style that suited his fancy.

CHAPTER IX.

AT THE SECOND-HAND STORE.

Joe bought a small desk, three chairs, a table on which to display his samples when in the office, and an oblong rug to take the place of a carpet.

Then he had a painter letter his name on the door, and on the directory downstairs in the main corridor.

He left an order at a printer's for business cards, letter-heads, envelopes, and billheads.

After that he provided himself with a book in which to enter his orders, together with whatever stationery he would need.

"All I need now is a picture or two on the walls," he said to himself as he viewed his little den with a complacent eye. "Then as soon as my samples get here I'll start out for business."

Down a side street a few blocks away was a second-hand store—a sort of old curiosity shop—kept by an unpleasant-looking Italian named Dominico Bosko.

Joe had passed the shop several times, and had stopped to gaze at the nondescript articles displayed for sale in the windows.

He remembered that the last time he went by there was a

striking marine oil-painting of a yacht under full sail in one of the windows labeled \$3.

Joe had a weakness for nautical pictures, so it occurred to him that he would buy that picture if it had not been sold.

So he started for the shop.

On reaching the place he was much disappointed to find that the coveted picture had been removed from the window.

"I suppose it has been sold," he muttered. "That's always the way. When you make up your mind to buy something that's been hanging around for an age somebody else is sure to step in just before you and carry it off."

He glanced in at the doorway, hesitating whether to enter or not and inquire about the picture.

The proprietor, his wife, with a handkerchief tied over her head, and an overgrown boy, presumably their son, were busy moving a heavy piece of furniture at the rear of the store.

Joe didn't like their looks for a cent.

However, he was anxious to get that particular marine painting if it was still unsold, or one something like it, and as he noticed a framed picture standing on end against a bookcase in the middle of the store which struck him as being the painting he was in search of, he walked into the store to get a better look at it.

It proved to be the identical picture, and while Fanwood was looking at it Dominico Bosko came forward, and with a penetrating glance, as if he was sizing the boy up, asked him what he wanted.

"What do you want for this picture?" asked Joe, thinking from the careless way the painting was treated that he might be able to get it for even less than what it had been marked up at in the window.

The second-hand man looked Fanwood all over again before he answered.

The boy was well dressed and looked prosperous, so Bosko fixed his price accordingly.

"Nine-a dol'," he said, with a leer. "Ver' cheap."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished young agent. "Nine dollars!"

"Nine-a dol'," repeated Bosko.

"Not on your life," replied Joe. "I'll give you three."

"T'ree-a dol'! No take-a such small-a price."

"All right. You're the doctor," answered Fanwood, turning to leave.

The Italian stopped him.

"How much you give-a?"

"I told you how much I'd give—three dollars. You had it in the window a few days ago marked \$3."

"Dis not-a da same pic'."

Joe, however, knew better.

"Well, three dollars is my limit. Take it or not as you choose."

"Make-a five dol'. I take-a him."

"No, you won't. At least, not from me. I won't give a cent more than three dollars."

"I take-a four dol', den."

"You'll take three or nothing if you want to do business with me," replied Joe, resolutely.

"All-a right. I take-a da t'ree."

While this bargaining was going on the other two members of the Bosko family were watching proceedings from the back of the store.

As Joe produced his pocketbook, the villainous-looking woman and her shifty-eyed son came forward, as if in obedience to some signal.

Then the dealer himself sprang at the boy and tried to wrest the wallet from his grasp.

Fanwood, however, was too quick for him, and threw his hand containing the pocketbook out at full length.

At the same time he grasped the Italian's arm and tried to push him away.

While he was thus employed the woman endeavored to creep behind him for the purpose of reaching the wallet, while the hard-looking youngster came to his father's assistance.

It was clear that the fat-looking pocketbook had tempted them, though it did not begin to contain the money they thought it did, being bloated up with letters and circulars he had received from several firms he had communicated with.

Because Fanwood was a boy Bosko fancied he would prove an easy mark.

That's where he made a mistake.

Joe was strong, wiry, and quite an athlete.

As soon as he saw the tactics of the enemy he began to back toward the door.

The dealer, foreseeing trouble if he got away now, endeavored to detain him, and hurriedly uttered some words in Italian to his wife, who hastened to block his exit.

"What are you trying to do, anyway? Rob me?" demanded Joe, breaking away from Bosko.

He thrust the wallet into his pocket, and pushing the woman back started for the front of the store.

He didn't get there, however, for young Petro Bosko grabbed up a heavy bronze ornament and threw it at his head.

Joe threw out his hands mechanically to save himself.

Then everything grew black before his eyes as his senses left him, and he fell at full length upon the floor.

CHAPTER X.

PLANNING A ROBBERY.

When Joe came to his senses again he found himself in a dark and ill-smelling place.

His limbs were not fettered in any way, but he soon found that his movements were cramped by the narrowness of his prison pen.

It was some little time before he realized just what had happened to him.

When he did he was thoroughly disgusted and angry over the situation.

He examined his pockets and found that his wallet and every penny of his loose change had been taken from him.

"Just wait till I get out of this and I'll make it mighty hot for that scoundrel," he muttered between his teeth. "What did he take me for? A stranger and an easy mark? I guess he imagines because I'm a boy that he isn't taking any great chances. He'll find out his mistake sooner than he bargained for."

Joe found his match-safe in his pocket, and he lit a lucifer in order to examine his surroundings.

It was evidently a boxed-off corner of a cellar, probably under the second-hand store.

"Now that they've put me down here I wonder what they propose to do with me?" he said to himself.

Of course, he couldn't tell what their intentions were, but they couldn't be otherwise than hostile toward himself.

Lighting a second match he found there was a wooden door, secured by a hasp on the other side.

There were several knot-holes through which he tried to see what the rest of the cellar looked like, but was unable to do so on account of the darkness which shrouded the place.

He experimented with the hasp, but found that it appeared to be held by a padlock.

There was no other way of getting out of his pen unless he could kick the boards down, and they appeared to be too strong for him to accomplish that.

So he sat down on the edge of the old mattress on which he had been lying to think things over.

He noticed now that his head pained him a good bit, and putting up his hand found that he had received a jagged wound from some heavy, ragged object that had drawn the blood which had dried around the cut.

"The young chap must have done that to me," mused Joe. "I'd like to have my hands on him now; I'd make him do a song-and-dance he wouldn't like."

At this point in his meditations he heard a noise as if some person was coming into the cellar.

He listened, and found that there were two men descending a short stairway into the place.

One carried a lighted candle in a candlestick.

Joe looked through a convenient knot-hole and got a good view of them.

The man who had the candle in his fingers was short and thick-set in stature, with a hard and villainous look on his coarse features.

His companion, to Joe's great surprise, was Pat Flynn.

He looked disreputable and dissipated, and his red eyes and washed-out look showed he had only just recovered from a debauch.

"Come this way," said his associate, roughly.

The fellow led Flynn over to a corner near Joe's pen, and snuffing down, laid the candlestick on the floor.

"Sit down. We can talk here without any one hearing us."

Flynn complied with the other's request, but his eyes roved restlessly around, as if trying to pierce the darkness.

"Now, Flynn, let's talk business. You say you've got the

lay of Major Pond's apartments in the academy building, eh?"

"Yes, I have," replied Flynn, in a surly tone.

"Well and good. Now, what sort of stuff does he keep around loose? Is it worth the risk of liftin'?"

"Sure it is, faith. He has a lot of brickybrack that he thinks a heap of, so he does. Then there's the safe in his office where he kapes his money. If you've the tools to open it wid, we ought to make a haul."

"He wouldn't be likely to keep much money around the house," said his companion.

"That may be roight, generallly spakin'. But, faith, he always has a wad around the first of the month—that's tomorrow—to pay off wid."

"How do you know he has?"

"Sure, haven't I seen it whin I wint in to get me wages?"

"What's the easiest way to get into the building?"

"Through a little soide dure near the kitchen. I've got a key to it."

"You have, eh?" exclaimed the other, with a show of interest.

"Faith, I have," with a cunning look.

"How did you get hold of it?"

"I sthole it, so I did."

"The major's office is on the first floor, I suppose?"

"It is, nixt to the sittin'-room, and overlookin' the parade ground."

"What else is there on that floor?"

"Classrooms."

"Where does the major and his daughter live?"

"On the second flure, above the sittin'-room and office, at the kitchen ind of the buildin'. The main stairs go up through the middle of the house. The classrooms are all on one soide of the buildin'."

"What rooms are above the major's apartments?"

"Thim are the slapin' rooms of the tachers."

"To get to the major's rooms you have to go up the main stairs, don't you?"

"No. There is a private back stairway to the dinin'-room where Major Pond and his daughter ate. It runs out of the passage-way dure thot I have."

"Where do the boys sleep?"

"In their quarters at the other soide of the parade ground."

"Do they keep a sentry guard at night?"

"No; but there's a watchman thot goes over the place every half hour, and rings up an electric clock so as to show thot he's attendin' to his duty."

"I guess we could muzzle him all right."

"Shure, you could do thot aisy."

"If I go into this thing with you how do we divide? I should want two-thirds of the boodle, as you don't understand the business, while I do."

"I'll agree to thot. I'll be satisfied wid one-third and me revenge on the major for givin' me the bounce from the place. I thried to do up his daughter the same day he discharged me, but one of the b'ys came along on his bicycle and saved her."

"What did you try to do to her?"

"I frightened her pony, and it ran away wid her. I ex-picted the little mare would throw her, but she saved herself by clingin' to her nick. Then the b'y, bad cess to him for a butter-in! chased the animal and caught her down by the railroad jist as a thrain come along. It would have done me good if she'd broke her nick—not thot I've anythin' agin her, do yez moind; but it would have hit her ould man in a tinder place, and I'd have had me revinge thin."

His vindictive tone attracted the notice of even the ruffian by his side, who remarked, with a short laugh:

"You seem to be a bad man to monkey with, Flynn."

"I niver forgit an injury."

Joe, listening to this conversation at a nearby knot-hole, shook his fist at the Irish rascal.

"It won't be my fault if I don't get you in jail before you're many hours older, Mr. Flynn," he muttered.

"Well, Flynn," continued his companion, "as I've nothing on hand at present, we'll try to do the job. Bosko will take the stuff off our hands at a fair valuation and ship it off to his brother in New York, so that none of it will be found here. Bosko is a sly chap. Many a crook in these parts has cashed in his pickings at Bosko's, and no one has been the wiser. The police haven't the least suspicions of the real character of Bosko's curiosity shop."

"You mane it's a fince, is thot it?"

"That's what it is. Half the stuff he has for sale was

lifted in New York and that neighborhood, sold to Bosko's brother, who has just such another store on Third avenue, New York, and by him shipped out here to be disposed of. They play into each other's hands in great shape."

"It's a wonder the New York chap isn't caught, at any rate. They have some fly cops in that town."

"I don't advise you to go to New York, Flynn. You're likely to find yourself on the Island, if not up the river, before you know what struck you. I stay away myself on general principles. Towns like Maplewood are easier to work, though they don't always pan out as well as a feller could wish. I hope the academy will meet my expectations, for I'd like to go to Chicago with somethin' in my clothes."

"If we kin get away wid all the stuff we'll foind there yez won't have any kick comin'."

"I have to take your word for that, Flynn; but I'll allow you ought to know somethin' about it. You meet me at the Pikers' Rest on the trolley road at nine to-night, and we'll start the ball rollin'."

"Faith, I'll be there widout fail," agreed the Irishman.

"I'll fetch my tools for goin' into the safe, and a couple of sacks to carry off the swag in. Have you a barker?"

"A barker is it? What's that?"

"A revolver, you chump."

"No. I wish I had."

"I'll get one for you from Bosko as we go out. He'll charge it up to you."

"He's welcome to do that," grinned the rascal.

"Then come along. Let's be goin'."

Bill Bagley took up the bit of candle, nearly burned out by this time, and led the way to the regions above, Flynn following close at his heels.

CHAPTER XI.

HOW JOE GOT OUT OF THE CELLAR.

For some moments after the departure of the rascals Joe stood by the knot-hole like one in a dream.

He was fairly staggered by what he had overheard.

Pat Flynn in some way had got acquainted with the crook Bagley, and had proposed the scheme of robbing Major Pond's apartments at the academy.

They had come down to the cellar to talk the matter over where they thought they would not be overheard, and within earshot of Joe had practically arranged to pull the affair off that night.

How could he prevent them from carrying out their nefarious project?

There was no possible way unless he could escape from the cellar, and there seemed very little chance of his doing that.

While he was thinking the matter over, he heard a noise again on the stairs in the corner.

Looking through the knot-hole that commanded the steps he saw the young Italian who had knocked him out coming down with a lighted candle in one hand and a plate and jug in the other.

His mission seemed tolerably clear.

Joe decided to pretend he had not yet come to his senses, so he threw himself on the mattress and began to breathe hard.

Pietro Bosko stopped at the door and listened intently.

Then he opened a small slide and flashed the light inside.

He saw Joe stretched out on the mattress, apparently unconscious.

The sight reassured him.

He put down the plate and jug, and turned his attention to the padlock, which he opened with the key he carried.

While he was doing this Joe sprang from the mattress and crouched near the door ready to pounce upon him the moment the door was opened.

He had not long to wait.

Pietro pulled the door open about half-way, then stooped to pick up the plate and jug.

Before he could do it Joe had him by the throat and pulled him into the small pen where he forced him down upon the mattress, and stuffed his mouth full of straw when he opened it to give a yell.

Pulling a red handkerchief from the young Italian's pocket he bound his hands securely behind his back, and then tearing strips from the mattress, bound his legs together, and gagged him more effectually.

Then, placing the plate of meat and bread, and the jug of

water, inside the pen, he shut the door, locked the padlock, and put the key in his pocket.

"Now to make my escape from this cellar," he breathed. "I wish I could do it without going through the store and thus alarming Bosko himself. I don't want him to make his escape before I can warn the police of his true character, and have him arrested."

He tip-toed up the stairs and found the door leading to the kitchen at the back of the living rooms in the rear of the store ajar.

There was no one in the room.

He glanced through the dirty window and saw that it was growing dark outside, from which circumstance he knew he must have been several hours a prisoner in the cellar.

He looked into the adjoining room and saw it was used as a bedroom.

Crossing it, he found that the door communicated with the store.

Looking in, he saw the elder Bosko sitting in the front entrance, smoking, while his wife was seated opposite to him.

After figuring on the situation, Joe returned to the kitchen, opened the door and looked out into the yard—a small and very dirty one.

The fence seemed to form part of a narrow alleyway, so the boy hastily scaled it and dropped down on the other side.

"Free at last!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Now for the police station."

Making his way out into a back street, he proceeded to inquire his way to that building, which was several blocks away.

Arriving there, he told his story to the officer in charge and handed over the key to the pen in which he had been confined.

Three officers were at once detailed to arrest the whole Bosko family and close the shop.

"You'll notify the New York police by telegraph about Bosko's brother and his shop on Third avenue, won't you?" asked Joe.

"That will be done as soon as the charge you've made against Dominico Bosko is fully established and we have positive evidence to prove that his shop has been used as a blind to receive stolen goods."

"Well, if you send officers to the Pikers' Rest before nine o'clock to-night and arrest that crook, who calls himself Bill Bagley, and his rascally associate, Pat Flynn, you ought to be able to secure the evidence you want by turning the screws on Bagley. I guess he'll turn State's evidence against the Boskos to save himself."

"We can only arrest them as suspicious characters as the case stands. Whatever you may testify to in court will be denied by them, and without corroborative evidence the judge won't be able to hold them. Now I have a better plan," said the officer.

"What is it?" asked Joe.

"You say they have decided to burglarize the apartments of the principal of the military academy?"

"They have."

"Very good. I will send a couple of officers out there for the purpose of catching them in the act. I shall want you to go with them, as you will be able to identify the rascals."

"I'm willing to go."

"Then report here as soon as you've had something to eat. That will be about eight o'clock. I expect to have the Boskos brought here shortly, and will lock them up until to-morrow morning, when they will be brought before the police magistrate for examination. By that time I hope to be able to substantiate the evidence you will bring against them. We will try to get them a long term in the State prison."

"I'll eat at a restaurant on Decatur street, just around the corner, and be back here in half an hour," said Joe, rising from his chair. "And that reminds me that I haven't a cent. The Boskos cleaned me out of about ten dollars, all I had, so I shall have to ask you to lend me half a dollar until I can return it to you."

"You're welcome to a dollar," said the officer in charge of the station, handing Joe a bill.

The boy thanked him for the loan and immediately hastened to the restaurant he had mentioned, feeling hungry enough to do justice to a reasonably square meal.

CHAPTER XII.

TRAPPING A PAIR OF RASCALS.

At eight o'clock Joe was back at the police station awaiting the pleasure of the officers in charge.

The Boskos—father, mother and son—were already occupying a cell in the basement of the building, and Joe was informed of the fact.

At half-past eight two of the policemen who had officiated at the arrest of the Italian second-hand dealer and his interesting family were detailed to accompany Fanwood to the academy.

They received their orders. Joe himself had a short talk with the chief officer, and then the three left the station, walked to the corner of the street, hailed a trolley going in the direction they were bound and, boarding it, settled themselves for a seven-mile ride.

They reached their destination in fifty minutes, after walking a long block from the road traversed by the trolley.

From the street the academy looked to be wrapped in silence and darkness.

Even the tutors, who were not restricted as to their hour of retirement, appeared to have gone to rest, for there was not a light in any of their windows.

The students, who were on the verge of examination week and would soon be scattering to their various homes, were in bed and, presumably, sound asleep.

Up the gravel walk and between the pair of frowning field-pieces, one of which had played so important a part in Fanwood's and Hostler Flynn's retirement from the school, walked Joe and the two policemen.

The boy laid his hand on the electric button marked "Visitors' Bell" and pushed it.

A gong somewhere near the kitchen end of the building responded.

Major Pond was in his office at the time, arranging a pile of examination papers, and the ring, so unusual at that late hour, brought him to his feet.

As the servants had all retired, he answered the summons himself.

He unbolted, unlocked and threw open the front door.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"It is I, Joe Fanwood," replied the boy, stepping into the light of the hall gas jet, which the major had turned up.

"Why, Fanwood!" exclaimed the astonished principal. "Is it really you, and at this hour of the night? What's the trouble?" and his glance took in the uniformed officers of the law who stood at the lad's back.

"We'll give you the full particulars regarding our visit if you will permit us to follow you to your office," replied Joe.

"Walk right in, then," invited the major, who, after their entrance, relocked the door and led his three visitors down a corridor and ushered them into his brightly lighted private office on the ground floor.

"Take a seat, gentlemen," he said, waving his hand toward chairs. "Now, Fanwood, I am ready to learn the meaning of this rather surprising visit. The presence of a couple of policemen with you gives a serious look to it."

"Yes, sir. It certainly is a serious matter that has brought us down here. We are here to protect your property against a couple of men who have planned to rob you to-night and to capture the rascals in the midst of their work."

"What's that?" exclaimed the amazed principal. "Two men, you say, have planned to rob me to-night?"

"Yes, sir. One of them you know, as he was for some time in your employ."

"Indeed! His name, please."

"Patrick Flynn."

"The scoundrel that nearly caused my daughter's death!" ejaculated the major in an angry tone.

"Yes, sir."

"If I can only lay my hands on him I'll make him pay dearly for that outrage."

"We hope to catch him here to-night. He has in his possession a key to the back entry of this building."

"He has, eh? I remember now the key was missed, and we had to replace it with a new one. So it seems the rascal took it for a purpose."

"The lock itself was not changed, then, sir?"

"It was not."

"Then by using the stolen key Flynn and his companion will be able to enter the building?"

"Certainly. If we don't prevent them."

"Our instructions are to permit Flynn and the other chap, who is a professional crook named Bagley, to get inside without objection. They are to be allowed to commence their work so that we can catch them in a way that will establish their guilt past any reasonable doubt."

"I see," nodded the major. "Now, Fanwood, will you ex-

plain to me how the knowledge of this proposed burglary came to your attention and that of the Maplewood police?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Joe, who immediately told Major Pond of his adventure in Diminico Bosko's second-hand store on Bainbridge street, and his subsequent experiences in the cellar, where he had overheard the two rascals discussing their burglarious project.

"You had rather a strenuous time of it, Fanwood," said Major Pond, with a smile.

"I'm not anxious to repeat it, sir," grinned Joe.

"Have those Italians been arrested?"

"Yes, sir. They will be brought before the police magistrate in the morning."

"Good. They will probably get their just deserts."

"I hope they will."

"Now let us talk about our own business. When do you think these men will make their appearance out here?"

"They were to meet at a drinking saloon called the Pikers' Rest, on the trolley road, at nine o'clock. I shouldn't think they'd come out here until after midnight."

"It is now after ten. It is probable that they will commence operations in this room where my safe is, so we had better arrange to capture them here."

"Yes, sir. Flynn told Bagley that you always had a considerable amount of cash in the safe around the first of the month to pay off with."

"If Flynn knew his prayers as well as he professes to be acquainted with my business he would be in less danger of spending a portion of his life behind the prison bars," snorted the major.

"That's right, sir."

"Well, officers, if you will permit me to offer you a suggestion as to a plan for catching those rascals, I would say that that closet yonder offers an admirable place of concealment for one of you. Then, by changing the position of my desk temporarily around in front of this window, a nook will be made of sufficient size to hold the other. Fanwood, take this revolver, and when the time comes, crawl under the lounge near the safe. As for myself, I will get another revolver that I keep upstairs, and keep somewhere in the background until the critical moment, when I will take a hand in the affair and help you secure the villains."

The major's suggestions met with the approval of the policemen, and were adopted later on when the light was extinguished and the trap set for the unsuspecting rascals to walk into.

Joe kept watch from one of the kitchen windows for the approach of the men they were expecting.

This window commanded a view of the entry door to which Flynn had the stolen key, and which naturally would be the first point aimed at by him and his companion.

One o'clock chimed from the mantel time-piece in the major's study, and still there was no sign of the burglars.

At quarter past one Joe caught sight of two shadows coming around the corner of the kitchen and slouching toward the entry door.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "Here they come at last."

He rushed into the office, gave the warning to Major Pond and the two policemen, and then, revolver in hand, crawled under the lounge.

It seemed scarcely any time after that when the soft footfalls of the rascals were heard approaching the room.

Flynn was leading the way with a bull's-eye dark-lantern, and Bill Bagley, with his bag of tools, was at his heels.

"Is this the office?" whispered the crook to Flynn.

"Faith, it is."

"Give me the glim."

The professional flashed the ball of light over every object in the room until it rested on the small safe near the desk.

"Now go to the door and keep watch," ordered Bagley, authoritatively.

Flynn obeyed.

Left to himself, the crook dropped on his knees before the safe and examined its construction carefully by the aid of the lantern.

He was heard to utter a grunt of satisfaction, which seemed to indicate that he did not consider the safe a hard proposition to get around.

Pulling one of the rugs toward him, he softly emptied the tools upon it and began operations, after placing the lantern in such a position that the disc of light would shine directly upon the spot he meant to drill.

The officers were in their stocking feet, and the crisis being at hand, the man watching from the closet door came out and

"You wouldn't believe me unless I showed you the pass books, and I haven't got them with me."

"Oh, I'll believe you."

"I'll see whether you will or not. I've got \$3,000 each in the Maplewood and New Era, and \$725 in the Bee Hive."

Bob stared fixedly at his chum.

"This isn't one of your old-time jokes, is it?" he asked, incredulously.

"No. I've given up joking for good. Making money is a serious business."

"Do you mean to say that you've made all that yourself in three months? Why, my father don't make that in a year, and I guess he makes more money than any other doctor in Maplewood."

"Well, Bob, all I can say is that I had a \$10 bill when I left the academy that morning and my guardian afterward sent me a draft for \$50. The rest of the money I have accumulated myself."

"I don't see how you could make so much selling things on commission."

"I didn't say that I made it all that way."

"What other way could you make it?" persisted Bob.

"Look here, Bob, can you keep a secret?"

"Sure I can."

"Then I'll let a little light on the subject into your brain pan. Did you ever hear of the Paul Jones Tavern?"

"Sure I did. It is down on Shipley street—a closed-up wreck. Went out of business about three years ago."

"You've got it right except that it isn't there any more."

"Isn't it? Torn down, eh?"

"Yes. I tore it down."

"You? Oh, come off! What are you giving me?"

"Facts. I bought the building for \$50. It cost me about \$40 to have it pulled apart. I sold the material to a builder for \$200, and the brick foundation to another man for \$15, and cleared altogether \$5,500."

"You cleared how much?"

"Five thousand, five hundred dollars."

"Say, Joe, you could give Baron Munchausen points and never turn a hair," grinned Bob.

"How so?"

"Why, you say you bought the building for \$50, and it cost you \$40 to tear it down. That's \$90. You sold the wood for \$200 and the foundation for \$15. That's \$215. The difference between \$90 and \$215 is exactly \$125, isn't it? Yet you say you cleared \$5,500. How do you figure it out?"

"That's the secret I want you to keep."

"How can I keep it unless you tell it to me?"

"I'm going to do so. Listen."

Whereupon he confided to his chum his discovery of the bag of gold that he had found in the second-story room of the old tavern.

"Well, if that isn't hog luck I don't know what to call it," was Bob's comment.

CHAPTER XV.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

Bob invited Joe to take lunch with him that day, and he accepted the invitation.

Dr. Stewart was present at the meal, and he asked Fanwood how he was getting on.

"Fine," replied Joe.

"I'm glad to hear it," replied the physician. "I like to see boys succeed in what they undertake. But aren't you going to finish your schooling before you get down to business for good?"

"No, sir; I am through my schooling."

"What have you been doing since you started out for yourself?"

Joe gave him an outline of his operations.

"You say you are selling waterproof paint now, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Would you like to see my samples? I have them with me."

"I should like to look at them very much."

After the meal Joe displayed his samples, and discoursed upon the superiority of the paint just as if he was trying to get a customer for them.

"You can furnish a guarantee from the manufacturer that the paint will do all that is claimed for it, can you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. I am going to have my house painted. John,

my gardener and man-of-all-work, is a good painter. He will do the work. I will buy the paint from you. Could you form any idea how much paint I shall require to give the building two coats?"

"Yes, sir. All I have to do is to take a few measurements, and make a calculation with the help of this table in the back of the book. That will give me the approximate amount you will need. All you will have to do is to select the color that you prefer, and if the results are not thoroughly satisfactory you needn't pay for the paint."

"Well, that is fair enough," replied Dr. Stewart, with a smile. "I accept your terms. Go ahead and make your calculations and order the paint."

The physician, after consulting with his wife, picked out a certain color, and Joe registered the order in his book.

The paint was duly delivered, and applied by John to the house.

It turned out to be quite satisfactory, and Joe received the doctor's check for the paint.

Two weeks before the academy opened for the next term Major Pond and Bessie returned from the mountains, where they had gone after a month's sojourn at the seashore.

Joe had corresponded regularly with Miss Pond, and he knew the day they were to arrive at Maplewood, consequently he was on hand when the train came in.

"You're looking extremely well, Miss Bessie," exclaimed Joe, grasping the girl's hand as she stepped from the cars.

"You're as brown as a berry."

"Am I?" she laughed. "You look kind of dark yourself."

"Oh, I've been out in the sun a good deal during the hot spell."

"I suppose you have, you busy boy. Well, I'm awfully glad to see you again."

"Same here, Bessie. You and your father must dine with me at the Argyle."

"At the Argyle! My goodness! Aren't we tony!" she smiled. "You must have been making a lot of money."

"Sure I have. Loads of it," with a grin.

The major, who had rushed off to attend to the transportation of the trunks to the academy, now came up and shook hands with Joe.

"You don't look as if work disagreed with you, Fanwood," said Major Pond, looking the boy over critically.

"I hope not, sir. At any rate, I feel like a bird."

"Papa," interposed Bessie, with a mischievous laugh, "Mr. Fanwood wants us to dine with him at the Argyle. Shall we accept?"

"At the Argyle, eh?" replied the major. "You've picked out the most expensive place in town, young man."

"Well, sir, when I invite my friends to dine I like to take them to a nice place. The Argyle about fills the bill in my opinion. It is a select, quiet restaurant. I hope you will permit me the honor of entertaining you and Miss Bessie there, sir."

"Certainly, if you insist, Fanwood. You have been doing pretty well, I believe, in your business."

"First-class."

They took an electric car, which landed them in front of the Argyle.

During the meal Major Pond asked more particularly about Joe's short business career, and was much astonished at his success.

"I always thought you was a smart boy, Fanwood, and now I'm sure you'll make your mark when you grow older."

Joe staggered the major when he told him he had nearly seven thousand dollars in bank.

"Seven thousand dollars! Why—why, how—"

"Let me explain how I came by the bulk of it," said the boy, and he related how he had found the bag of money in the old tavern.

Major Pond whistled.

As for Bessie, she regarded Joe with pleased surprise.

"Evidently you have landed in Lucky street with both feet," said the major. "Are you coming back to see us at the academy when we open?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good!" exclaimed the ex-army officer, in a pleased tone, while Bessie clapped her hands with delight, and her eyes sparkled. "I was afraid your business success might carry you off your feet. You have a good education now. It is a grave mistake for any boy to miss the advantages of a good education when the chance to get it is his. The better one is mentally equipped when he starts out in the world, the better his chance of success, other things being equal, of course. That's why you are succeeding."

Major Pond invited Joe to dine with him and Bessie on the coming Saturday, and the boy gladly accepted the invitation.

On Friday morning he received a note from the major asking him to come out to the academy and bring his samples of paints with him.

"I guess he's going to give me an order," chuckled the lad. He went out to the school about two o'clock, and was shown into the office.

"I'm going to repaint the dormitory buildings, the stable, gymnasium, and other out-houses, and if your paint strikes my views I'll give you quite an order," said the ex-army officer.

"I am sure you'll find it the best on the market," replied Joe, unfolding his samples and proceeding to talk up the advantages of the waterproof article in which he was interested.

Major Pond was really anxious to do Fanwood a service, and as the paint seemed to be just what he wanted, he gave Joe the order.

Bessie came into the office while he was there, and after he had concluded his business with her father she took possession of him herself.

"I want you to take me out on the river," she said. "It's a lovely day."

"You forget, Bessie, that Fanwood is out for business these days, and not for fun," smiled her father.

"I think he might spare me an hour or two," she pouted, with a sidelong glance at the boy that was perfectly irresistible. "It is after three o'clock now. He can't do any more business to-day, anyway."

"How do you know he can't, puss?"

"I know he can't. Besides, I think he's done enough for to-day, anyway. You've given him a good big order. He ought to be satisfied with that."

"I guess I can spare the time to go on the river with you, Miss Bessie," said Joe, with a smile.

"There now, papa, I knew he could go," she cried, skipping out after her hat.

"Bessie will have her way," said the major, looking fondly after his only child. "I'm afraid I have spoiled her."

In a few minutes Bessie returned with a little gypsy straw on her golden locks, and she and Joe started for the river.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE VANISHED SAILBOAT.

"I think we'd better take the sailboat, Bessie," said Joe. "There is a nice breeze, while rowing is pretty warm work, and we couldn't go very far."

"I had much rather go in the sailboat, Joe," Bessie replied.

"Are you willing to trust yourself in a sailboat with me?"

"Why not?" she asked, opening her eyes very wide.

"I've never taken you out in it yet, so you don't know whether I can handle the boat or not," he laughed.

"You wouldn't have suggested going out in her if you were not confident you could sail her all right."

"That's true enough," replied Joe, taking hold of the boat's painter and hauling her in close to the boys' swimming stage. "Now, step aboard."

He followed her, hoisted the mainsail, cast off the painter, and away they glided out into the river whose water, slightly stirred by the light wind, glistened in the afternoon sunshine.

The river was not very wide, and for some distance followed a course almost parallel with the trolley road which ran between Maplewood, Hornby, a mile from the academy, and Cedarville.

"We'll go up the river as far as Hornby," said Joe, "or farther if you wish."

"That will be nice," replied Bessie, leaning back on the cockpit seat, close to the boy whose hand guided the course of the boat.

"I'm awfully glad you're back again, Bessie," said Joe, earnestly.

"Are you really?" she laughed.

"Yes, I've felt pretty lonesome during the six weeks you were away."

"What a time!" she answered with a little blush. "Didn't you write me about the fine time you and Bob Stewart had together on two or three occasions?"

"That's right," he admitted. "But Bob Stewart isn't you."

"Well, I should imagine you could have a great deal better time with him than with me. I'm only a girl, you know."

"Well, you see I don't think so much of him as I do of you, Bessie."

The girl blushed rosy red, looked across the river, and allowed her fingers to trail in the water.

"Don't you like me a little bit, too?" he asked, wistfully.

"Why, of course I like you," she responded. "Why shouldn't I?"

"How much do you like me?" persisted Joe, shifting the rudder so as to weather a turn in the river.

"Oh, I like you—lots. There now, are you satisfied?"

"I suppose I ought to be. At any rate, I like to hear you say so."

They were now passing Hornby, which lay about half a mile from the river.

Right ahead of them was a little wooded island, where many pretty wild flowers grew in profusion.

"Let's land on that island and get some of those flowers?" suggested Bessie, eagerly.

"Certainly, if you would like to," agreed Joe, heading the sailboat into a small cove, and allowing her to push her nose up on the sand.

He got out on the narrow beach, tied the painter to a convenient tree, and then offered his hand to help her out of the boat.

They wandered around the edge of the island, picking wild flowers and talking about this thing or that.

They seemed to be very happy in each other's society, and rather careless of the flight of time.

The sun, which resembled a great ball of fire, slowly descended the western sky, until it almost kissed the horizon.

"We'd better cut across the island and start back, don't you think, Bessie?" suggested Joe.

"Yes," she replied.

He gathered the flowers into two big bunches, and secured each with a tendril of a creeping vine, then handing her one they started across the narrow island hand in hand.

"Good gracious! Where's the boat?" he exclaimed, as they came out into the cove where they had landed.

"Why, it's gone," she cried, nervously.

"There's no doubt of that; but I can't see how she got loose," in a puzzled tone, "for I am sure I tied the painter tight enough to this tree."

He looked up and down and across the river, for the sailboat, but there was no sign of her anywhere.

He climbed on to a big stone to get a better view, but with no better result.

He examined the sand carefully near the mark which had been made by the bow of the boat, and he soon detected the footmarks of a man.

"Look there, Bessie," pointing at the prints. "Somebody was on the island when we came ashore, and he has taken our boat."

The girl stared blankly at the footprints and then at her companion.

"How are we going to get back to the academy without a boat?"

"That's a difficult question for me to answer. It looks as if we were marooned, and that isn't a cheerful thing to figure on."

"Oh, Joe, we may have to stay here all night. Papa won't know what has become of us."

"If I can't do any better I'll swim across to yonder bank and try to find a rowboat. There ought to be one up that creek yonder."

"But I should be afraid to stay here all by myself. Suppose that man who took the boat was to come back?"

"Let's walk to the other end of the island," said Joe.

They laid the flowers, in which they had now lost all interest, down on the beach and started through the trees.

Before they had gone far Bessie clutched the boy by the arm and pointed through a break in the little wood.

"Isn't that our boat?" she asked, excitedly.

Sure enough it was, with the sail partly lowered and the painter tied around a big stone that projected out of the water a yard or two from the shore.

The island curved in at this point, and that was the reason Joe had not detected its presence from the cove.

"The man must have come ashore again," said Joe, seeing no signs of the person who had removed the sailboat from its original mooring place. "Or perhaps he is concealed in the cuddy. I see the slide is drawn back. Well, he had a great nerve to bring our boat around here. I'm going to wade out and regain possession of her."

"Oh, Joe; do be careful, please."

"Careful! We've got to have our boat, and if that chap interferes with me I'll punch his head."

He picked up a stout branch as a weapon of defense, and then walked out on the beach, followed by Bessie.

He pulled off his shoes and stockings, rolled up his trousers' legs, and waded into the water.

Reaching the boat he placed his hands on her gunwale to pull himself into the cockpit, when a face appeared in the opening that communicated with the cuddy.

Joe started back in astonishment, for he immediately recognized that villainous countenance.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

As Flynn's eyes met those of the boy the expression of his countenance grew positively diabolical.

With an oath he started to spring out into the cockpit.

At the same moment Joe pulled himself aboard the boat.

In another moment the two clinched and began a struggle for the mastery.

Bessie uttered a cry from the shore as she watched the desperate fight now going on before her eyes.

As they staggered around the cockpit Joe all at once slipped, and they both went down together, the Irishman on top.

"Faith, I've got yez now, bad luck to yez!" cried Flynn, triumphantly.

The rascal had every advantage, for he had fastened one hand on Joe's throat, while with the other he reached out and grabbed up a block of hard wood which he saw under the seat.

The glare of his eyes as he raised the wooden billet to smash it down on the boy's head was almost that of a maniac.

Fanwood's life was in great danger, and he put up a game fight to save himself if he could.

In spite of Flynn's hold on his throat and the weight of the rascal's body upon him, he managed to squirm quickly to one side.

Bang!

The block of wood struck the floor of the cockpit on the very spot where Joe's head had been a moment before.

The blow would have smashed the boy's head pretty badly had it landed.

"Do you want to kill me, you rascal?" demanded Joe.

"Kill yez! Well, wait till I get another chance at yez, and yez'll see," cried the infuriated man, reaching again for the block of wood which had bounced just out of his reach.

Fanwood, surmising his purpose, grabbed his extended arm, while with his other hand he tried to tear away Flynn's fingers that were pressing into his windpipe.

He could not do it.

The fellow glared down upon him, and tried to squeeze his throat tighter.

Joe began to gasp for breath.

A multitude of colored lights began to dance before his eyes, over which a dark blur seemed to be forming.

He could no longer see Flynn's form distinctly.

The rascal appeared to be hovering over him like some gigantic bird of prey, while between them sifted a blood-red haze through which the man's eyes shone like the distant headlights of twin locomotives.

The agony of those few moments was something awful to Joe, and yet through it all he kept his wits about him.

But for all that he could not disengage the strangle hold Flynn had got upon his neck, and it was but the question of seconds before he would succumb to his desperate assailant.

From the shore Bessie had seen them go down out of sight on the floor of the cockpit, and she waited in vain for them to appear again.

She heard the noise of the struggle, then she saw Flynn raise the billet of wood and bring it down on the bottom of the boat with a bang.

She gave a scream of terror, for she pictured the boy lying senseless and bleeding in the cockpit.

Looking about her in her desperation, she spied a heavy stick upon the beach.

Seizing it, she dashed right into the water and waded to the boat.

Looking in over the side she saw Flynn choking the life out of Joe.

The boy's nerveless fingers were dropping away from their hold on the rascal.

With a howl of triumph Flynn managed to get hold of the block of wood to complete his fiendish work.

With a cry of horror and anger Bessie scrambled aboard, raised the stick in both her hands, and brought it down on the villain as hard as she could.

He dropped like a stricken ox, and his fingers relaxed themselves from Joe's throat just at the critical moment.

Kneeling beside Joe, she raised his white face in her arms, and begged him to speak to her.

"He is dead! Oh, heaven, he is dead!" she moaned, the tears streaming from her eyes. "Oh, Joe, Joe! Don't die! Please don't die! You must not. I love you, Joe!"

She kissed his lips and face passionately, calling him a score of dear names.

"Oh, Joe, Joe, I can't let you die! Indeed, I can't."

Her tears falling upon the boy's face revived him, and like in a delicious dream he heard her voice speaking caressingly to him, and her hands tenderly founding him.

At last he opened his eyes, to find her arms holding his head lovingly to her breast, and her lips pressed tenderly against his.

"Bessie," he murmured.

As her name fluttered from his lips she uttered a little scream of joy.

"Oh, Joe, Joe! You won't die, will you?"

In that blissful moment all thoughts of Flynn and the horrible death he had escaped by a hair seemed to fade away, and he only seemed to know that Bessie really cared for him—really loved him with all her heart.

"Bessie, do you love me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, yes; I love you with all my heart."

He put his arms around her, pulled her face down to his, and kissed her.

Then he struggled up and saw the unconscious Flynn.

"How is this, Bessie? You here and that rascal senseless! What does it mean?"

"I struck him, Joe," and with that she told him how she had come to his rescue.

"Bessie, you are a brave, nerry girl. You saved my life."

He then told her how Flynn had got the best of him, and how his last recollection was that the rascal was surely doing him up.

An hour later, with Flynn a prisoner in the cuddy, the sailboat arrived at her anchorage off the academy.

Joe told the story of their stirring adventure, and Major Pond's wrath and astonishment was very great.

Neither he nor Joe could understand why the villain was at large when he was supposed to be on his way to the State prison, a deputy sheriff having started to take him there that morning.

It subsequently appeared he had taken advantage of his guard's momentary inattention, rushed out on the platform of the car, and jumped from the fast-moving train.

He had made his way to the river, and in some way got to the island, where he lay concealed when Joe and Bessie arrived there themselves.

The police of Maplewood were speedily notified by telephone of his capture, and within two hours he was back in a prison cell, whence he was next day removed to the State prison.

Joe devoted the remaining days that intervened before the academy term began to winding up his waterproof paint business, as he now had something better on hand.

He enlarged his office, and added to his furniture and other belongings connected therewith.

With almost seven thousand dollars in the bank, he was satisfied that his business career had thus far been a great success, and he entertained flattering ideas of what he meant to accomplish when he entered the field of human industry on a larger scale. It is needless to say that the boy succeeded in his ventures, and finally built up a big business that made him rich.

And he was not alone in this belief, for both Major Pond and Bessie believed he possessed all the qualities that go to make up a successful business man.

Bessie is now his wife, of course, and she often speaks of the days of Joe's business beginning, when she looked upon him as the smartest boy in town.

Next week's issue will contain "A FAVORITE OF FORTUNE; OR, STRIKING IT RICH IN WALL STREET."

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CURRENT NEWS

The run of 18 in the three-cushion carrom billiards made by Charles Merin, of Chicago, in a game against Frank Benson at St. Louis, May 21, will probably be accepted as the professional record and supplant the high run of 15 made by George W. Moore. It was made in a tournament in which the players competed for gate receipts.

It is reported from Osaka that a young Japanese millionaire in Hyogo prefecture has invented artificial coffee almost equal in every respect to natural Brazilian coffee. As the result of chemical analysis by experts, it is reported to have been found that the goods now manufactured by the young inventor are more wholesome than the natural, while retaining all the flavor and quality which make the drink ideal.

Government clerks under Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury Department must pay their debts or give up their positions. An order to that effect was issued by Acting Secretary Byron R. Newton. It reads: "The Treasury Department will not be made an agency for the collection of debts contracted by its employees. Employees will not be retained in its employ who, without specific cause, persistently refuse or habitually neglect to pay their necessary personal and family expenses."

The dust which fills the air in the subways of Paris has become a great nuisance, and scientists have lately been trying to find out just what it consists of. Their analyses show that the dust contains 46 per cent. of metallic iron, 1.10 per cent. of iron oxide, 12.1 per cent. of lime and plaster, 1.10 per cent. of grease and 12.6 per cent. of water and organic matter. The remaining 13.7 per cent. of its contents is made up of small quantities of a number of organic and unorganic substances.

The last two strongholds of "anti-motorists" have finally succumbed, and the automobile is now admitted into every nook and cranny of the United States. The last barriers to fall will be those of the Yellowstone National Park, which is scheduled to open for the motorists on August 1. On April 25 of this year Bar Harbor, Me., and Mt. Desert, opened their roads to the hated motor car. At the last session of the Legislature a bill was passed, admitting automobiles on the island, the popular summer resort on the Maine coast.

Just to prove that they could, twenty-five girls of the domestic department of the Baker High School, Baker, Ore., baked more than 1,000 doughnuts and gave them away to visitors recently. Eighteen girls rolled and cut and plunged circular pieces of dough into hot lard for three hours, while six served the hundreds that ate the doughnuts, praised them and asked for more. The feat was part of the annual school exhibit of the public schools, and the dolls put on the "doughnut-day" feature at the domestic science rooms of the high school.

Eighteen months in Sing Sing is preferable to ten months in the penitentiary, James J. Jeffries, a negro porter, told Judge Mulqueen, of New York, in General Sessions when he came up for stealing a watch from Frederick Tait in the pen of the West Court. Judge Mulqueen pronounced sentence of a year in the penitentiary when Jeffries turned and said: "Please, judge, I'd rather go to Sing Sing." "But if you go to the penitentiary you may go out in ten months," Judge Mulqueen replied. "I should have to sentence you to eighteen months at least if you go to Sing Sing." "I have lots of friends in Sing Sing, though, judge, and they say they have ball games and moving pictures there. Please send me there." Judge Mulqueen smiled and changed the commitment.

In the course of digging a well shaft on his property near Ware, Mass., a farmer encountered quicksand at a depth of twenty-five feet beneath the surface of the ground, and sank in it until his head alone was visible, when his plight was finally discovered. Every possible agency was called upon to assist in the rescue work, the fire department included, but, despite this he was buried for more than twenty-four hours before he could be taken from his dangerous position. The reason for this was that in digging the shaft he had stood on a platform made of planking, and when the quicksand sank beneath his weight his feet were caught by the boards, making it necessary to uncover his entire body before he could be saved. This work at first sight was an easy task, was rendered difficult by the continual caving in of the shaft when the rescuers, clinging to a ladder, attempted to dig the man out. This plan had to be abandoned entirely, and to keep the victim alive, it was necessary to make an improvised helmet out of a barrel. Two tubes were sent down to him; through one he received air, and through the other nourishment.

The seven ancient wonders of the world were as follows: The pyramids of Egypt, the mausoleum of Artemisia, the temple of Diana of Ephesus, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Jupiter Olympus by Phidias, the Pharos or watch tower of Rhodes. The seven wonders of the Middle Ages were the Coliseum of Rome, the catacombs of Alexandria, the great wall of China, Stonebenge, the leaning tower of Pisa, the porcelain tower of Nankin, the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The natural wonders of America are given as Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, the Mammoth Cave, the canyons and Garden of the Gods, Colorado; the giant trees, California; the Natural Bridge, Virginia; the Yosemite Valley. The modern seven wonders of the world are variously given as the art of printing, optical instruments, their discovery and invention, gunpowder, steam engine, photography, labor-saving machinery and the electric telegraph. They are also given as the Brooklyn Bridge, the Great Eastern, the Suez Canal, the Hoosac Tunnel, the Pacific railway, the submarine cables and the National Park.

JOLLY JACK JONES

—OR—

KNOCKING ABOUT THE WORLD

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER X. (continued)

Evidently the manager was showing all he cared to. Even the signature was gone.

"Well?" said Jack, his face all in a grin.

"Well, will you go?" asked the manager.

"What sort of a place is it?"

"What difference does that make? The lady is a friend of mine, and I promise you the pay is good."

"Oh, I don't doubt that. Still, a fellow likes to know what he is going up against before he goes."

"Well, then, it is one of Madam Lozee's parties, which she gives to her intimate friends."

"Hello!" cried Jack. "I've heard of Madam Lozee. Her husband is a big oil king, isn't he? He's a millionaire?"

"A millionaire!" cried the manager. "He is worth thirty millions if he is worth a cent, but where is he? Mr. Lozee disappeared from the public eye over a year ago, and since that day nobody has been able to locate him unless it is madam herself, and some day—but all that is no matter, Jack. Will you go?"

"Sure," replied Jack.

"Settled then," said the manager, and going to the telephone he proceeded to call up Madam Lozee.

Now since the time he parted with Detective Duff, Jack had met with no adventure worth recording in this tale.

His luck was now about to change in that respect.

It was to be some time before Jack saw Detroit. He was about to——"

But stay, we will let it all come out little by little, as it happened, that being by far the best way.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT HAPPENED AT MADAM LOZEE'S.

Madam Lozee lived in a fine mansion on Euclid avenue. It stood far back from the broad street with a park in front and a large greenhouse on the side.

Everybody in Cleveland knew of Madam Lozee, not only on account of her great wealth and her beauty, but because of her unusual ways.

She dressed as nearly like a man as she dared: she acted like a man.

A fast set gathered at her sittings, as she called them.

The name of this entertainment was no lie.

Everybody smoked at them.

Immense sums were said to be lost at these gatherings at bridge whist, poker and three-card loo.

Besides these American games, French ones were played, so it was claimed, such as baccarat and l'ombre, which madam had picked up at Monte Carlo and other famous gambling resorts abroad.

Altogether Madam Lozee's princely residence had become most notorious, and more so of late since her husband disappeared.

What had become of the mighty monarch of oil speculations, Martin Lozee, was something which was puzzling everybody.

Madam, however, merely stated when asked that her husband had gone West to take a rest from business, and would reappear in due time.

Many thought that he was in a sanitarium trying to cure himself of the drink habit.

There were the people who opposed gambling and drinking, and frowned upon madam's soirees, and, taken altogether, there had been a great deal of excitement over the disappearance of Martin Lozee.

The party to which Jack had been invited was down for the next evening, but the manager told Jack that it would be necessary for him to call at once to make arrangements, so he boarded a car and soon found himself ringing the bell at Madam Lozee's great iron gate, which was always kept locked against the outside public of late.

It was not yet nine o'clock—an early hour for the madam—and Jack's ring was immediately answered by a man in livery, who came out of the porter's lodge.

Jack presented a note from the manager.

The porter called up the great house on the telephone, and the word came back for Jack to be admitted, so he passed on up the broad, tree-lined avenue and rang the bell at the big front door.

Here he found himself up against another flunky, who wore a yellow coat and red breeches—an absurd-looking person for an American house.

There was no delay, however.

Madam was expecting "Mister" Jones, and orders were that he was to go directly to her room.

It was Jack's first experience in "my lady's chamber," but the boy was a downright little American, and no amount of snobbish elegance could throw him off his balance one bit.

Madam, attired in a sumptuous dressing robe, leaned in

at the waist with a golden cord, reclined on a lounge before an open fire.

She did not even look up when Jack entered.

"The banjo boys, madam!" was the announcement, and madam replied:

"All right. Let him come here."

Jack's feet sank so deep in the carpet that he felt as though he was walking in a mossy meadow.

He stood with the banjo in his hand before madam as much as three minutes before she designed to raise her half-closed eyes.

"Ah, you are the boy banjoist from the Eureka," she said then. "Sit down, please. Let me hear a sample of your playing. It won't take me long to decide whether you will answer my purpose or not. We are alone here. Let yourself out. Don't be afraid!"

"I don't see anything to be afraid of," began Jack, when he was interrupted by the lady, exclaiming almost fiercely:

"Not of me! You needn't be afraid of me. Play! Play!"

"Am I to sing?" asked Jack. "I understood it was to be a concert."

"Both. Sing two songs, a sentimental song and a coon song, then do your best instrumental pieces—two at least."

"All right, ma'am," said Jack, and while the lady closed her eyes again he began tuning up and then started in on the latest coon song, which he rendered with great effect.

Not a word when he came to the end and paused, though.

Waiting for a minute, expecting that Madam Lozee would speak, Jack started the "Banks of the Wabash."

Still not a word when this was ended.

Jack did the fandango, a cachuca and the "bell" business.

This over he unstrung his banjo and proceeded to put it in the bag.

Madam Lozee opened her eyes.

"That's very well, young man," she said.

"Yes," replied Jack, but without his customary grin.

It was too much for even Jolly Jack Jones to brace up against.

Jack began to feel a terrible oppression in this woman's presence, and he heartily wished that he was "on the banks of the Wabash, far away!"

"Yes," continued Madam Lozee. "Can you play in concerts?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can you keep it up for an hour or two on a stretch?"

"Just as long as anybody wants to pay for it. I've played all night at smokers many a time."

"Then I should say that you would answer my purpose," drawled the lady. "I pay well for all I get. This is to be an amateur affair, but since I have to bring in a professional I shall of course pay for it. I will give you five hundred dollars, Mr. Jones."

Jack nearly dropped off his chair.

"Well, that is good pay," he began.

"I told you I paid well!" snapped Madam Lozee, "but before I positively engage you I must ask a few questions. Some of them may seem strange to you, but they must all be answered. What is your name?"

"Jack Jones, ma'am."

"Where are you from?"

"New York."

"You have friends in New York with whom you correspond?"

"Why no, ma'am. I haven't any relations, and I don't make many friends. I only have myself to depend upon."

"I see. I am told you leave Cleveland on Saturday."

"I was to. I shall put it off until Monday if I come to you."

"Where were you going?"

"To Detroit next."

"Are you expected in Detroit?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you know any one there?"

"No, ma'am; not a soul."

"I see, I see. I suppose these questions seem rather strange to you?"

"I can't see what they have to do with playing the banjo at a concert."

"Possibly not, but you must recollect that my guests are from the very first families of Cleveland, and I have to be very careful who I entertain. You come here to-morrow evening as a guest, you understand?"

Now this was all very fine in Madam Lozee, but when one stops to consider that she was merely a waitress in a restaurant when Martin Lozee married her it does seem rather strange that she should be so very particular about a boy who was merely to play the banjo at a card party where the guests would be mostly men.

"Well, how is it to be settled?" asked Jack, for madam appeared to go to sleep again.

"It is settled so far as I am concerned," was the reply. "You may consider yourself engaged."

"Very well," said Jack, rising. "What time am I to come?"

"Eight o'clock. Do you wish your money in advance."

"Just as you like, ma'am."

"Then you shall have it. My steward will give it to you. Touch the bell, please—the button over there near the door."

Jack walked toward the door.

The instant his back was turned Madam Lozee sprang up and with noiseless step glided after the unsuspecting boy.

She was up behind him without Jack ever dreaming of it, and with one sweep wound her long arm around his neck, pulling his head back.

"Wha—what's this?" gasped Jack. "You are choking me! You——"

He got no further.

Instantly a handkerchief was pressed against his face and a strong odor of chloroform filled the room.

Jack had already rung the bell.

A moment later a tall, hard-featured man opened the door and glided in.

"Did you engage him?" he asked with a fiendish smile.

"Oh, yes. There he is," drawled Madam Lozee, pointing down at the carpet, where Jack lay stretched out entirely unconscious. "He's engaged. That makes No. 2, and it's up to you to do the rest."

(To be continued)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

BIG MISSOURI PEONY FIELD.

Sarcoxie, a town of 1,500 on the eastern edge of Jasper county, Mo., long has been the leading strawberry shipping point in Missouri and its peony fields are said to be the largest in the world.

At present there are about sixty acres of plants in the Sarcoxie fields. This waving sea of big red, white and pink flowers is a beautiful sight and attracts thousands of visitors during the season, which is between May 5 and 25. The flowers are shipped to all parts of the country.

PLAN A NEW CANAL

The next great waterway scheme to be carried out, according to present indications, is the Georgian Bay Canal, which is to connect Georgian Bay with the St. Lawrence River at the head of navigation for seagoing vessels near Montreal, says Popular Mechanics. This canal will not only give vessels from the Atlantic direct entrance to Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, but will reduce by nearly one-half the distance traveled by water-borne shipping in going from the northern part of Lake Huron to Montreal, eliminating the present indirect route by way of Detroit, Lake Erie, the Welland Canal and Lake Ontario. The canal will utilize for the greater part of its length a continuous chain of natural lakes and rivers. The total length is 449 miles, and over only 30 miles of this will it be necessary to construct a new waterway, although much of the existing waterways will require dredging. The total cost of the canal is estimated at less than \$150,000,000.

1794 CENT FETCHES \$245.

The collection of United States coins belonging to a prominent American, containing the most remarkable series of early coins, fifty-nine varieties of 1794 cents, over fifty varieties of 1796 cents, choice cents of 1793 and other dates, and a fine lot of gold coins, was put on sale recently by the United States Coin Company at 200 Fifth Avenue. Daniel R. Kennedy acted as auctioneer.

A half-cent of 1796, without pole, die cracked across obverse, fine for this rare date, brought \$120.

A cent of 1794, from the Gilbert collection, sold for \$40. An almost uncirculated cent of 1794 (Hays 3), also from the Gilbert collection, went for \$108. Another variety (Hays 9) realised \$64. An almost uncirculated example of the same coin (Hays 25) brought \$165, and an extremely fine specimen, also of 1794 (Hays 49), was knocked down for \$245. Other cents of 1794 (Hays 42) brought \$150 and (Hays 47) \$135. The Chapman variety of the 1794 cent sold for \$85.

The total was \$5,378.

ALASKA VOLCANO ACTIVE.

Iliamna volcano and an unidentified peak on the west coast of Cook Inlet has been in eruption, according to reports brought by the steamer Alameda to Seward, Alaska,

Persons who passed the volcano said dense clouds of smoke were rolling up from the crater.

Four slight earthquakes, accompanied by a roaring noise, have been felt during the last three months, but are believed to have had no connection with the volcanoes, as no shock was felt here when the craters became active.

Iliamna volcano, on the west coast of Cook Inlet, is a peak 12,066 feet high. It has been known as an active volcano since the earliest records of the Spanish and American explorers, but its eruptions never have been violent. The district around Iliamna is virtually uninhabited.

There has been no violent outburst since June 9, 1912, when Mount Katmai burst into a spectacular eruption, covering fertile Kodiak Island and the adjacent mainland under a deep layer of volcanic ash.

Iliamna volcano is 150 miles west of Seward.

BOY INVENTOR HANGS HIMSELF.

Louis Kahnweiler, ten years old, only child of Louis M. Kahnweiler, a wealthy manufacturer of life-saving apparatus, at No. 260 Front Street, hanged himself the other evening while experimenting with a "hangman's noose" in his room in the family apartment in Ivy Court, No. 210 West 107th Street, New York.

The boy had converted all available space in his own room into a mechanical and electrical laboratory. It was filled with toys, books and games. Among the books were several telling boys how to make experiments. In one of these books was a description of various kinds of knots, among them being a "hangman's noose."

Mrs. Kahnweiler was absent in the late afternoon when Louis obtained a length of clothes line from Kate Tuohey, a maid, and went to his room to conduct experiments. Following his custom and pretending he required secrecy, the lad locked himself in.

The maid rapped on Louis' door at six o'clock to call him to dress for dinner. Going to the fifth floor, she reached a fire escape and descended to the fourth floor. Through the window she saw Louis hanging by a rope to a closet door.

Among the first to respond to her calls for aid was Claude Aire, electrician of the building. He broke in the door and cut the rope. Soon he had the noose unfastened. Telephone messages called two physicians and a policeman. A pulmotor was summoned, but the boy had been strangled to death.

Mrs. Kahnweiler returned while the excitement was at its height and when she learned what had happened she became hysterical and the physicians had to attend her.

After making the "hangman's noose" it was apparent that Louis had tried it by fastening the other end of the rope to a door knob and throwing the noose end over the top of the open closet door. Standing on a chair, he tied the noose about his neck. It is believed he was unable to release the noose and his struggles kicked the chair from under him on the highly polished floor.

THE NINE WONDERS

— OR —

THE ROUGH RIDERS OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER III. (continued)

Two hours later Parry Parton started out on his way back to Ellington, which place he reached before night. Two days later there appeared in a number of papers in different parts of the State a challenge against any baseball nine in the United States from an amateur baseball club which had never before played a match game; that one thousand dollars cash, besides seventy-five per cent. of the gate receipts, would be paid to the winning team.

To the challenge was signed the name of a man well known in sporting circles in the city of Utica.

Naturally it attracted a great deal of attention in baseball circles all over the State, and within twenty-four hours a score of telegrams came to the gentleman from the managers of baseball teams, inquiring about the challenge.

To all of them he answered that the money was posted, and that any nine could have it who could beat his team.

Within another twenty-four hours a match was arranged between a nine of crack players who had clubbed together for the purpose, every one of whom had played in the great league games of the previous season.

In another day the match was announced, and also the name of the nine which had accepted the challenge.

Public curiosity was excited to the highest pitch, and telegrams and letters of inquiry came by the hundred, asking the name of the challenging team; but it was kept a profound secret, though the statement was published far and wide that they were amateurs who had never played a match game nor had lived long enough to vote.

The popular baseball grounds at Utica were engaged for the match, and on the day the game was to be played a vast concourse of people gathered to witness it. Parry Parton, accompanied by Fred Bagley, the junior member of his firm of employers, met the boys from Homesdale at the depot and escorted them to a hotel.

He introduced them to Bagley, who seemed just a bit astonished as he gazed at the nine awkward young mountaineers.

"Now, boys," said Parton, "if anybody asks you where you are from, just tell them that you have come out of the woods."

"All right," said Teddy, "there's nothing wrong in that, for it is strictly true."

"Of course it is; I'm never going to ask you to say anything that isn't true."

When they reached the hotel Parton kept them well together, so as to prevent reporters and others from getting

at them. Bagley was a bit nervous. Only his unbounded faith in the young salesman's judgment kept him in good spirits.

They had but two hours to stay at the hotel before the time came for them to repair to the ball ground. Three carriages were ordered, and they were quickly driven to the entrance, where their presence in their neat uniforms created a vast amount of excitement and speculation.

The other team had already appeared, and as all but two of them had before played there, winning splendid reputations, they were received with round after round of applause.

But when the Homesdale boys entered public curiosity was so great that the vast audience, numbering nearly twenty thousand people, actually forgot to give them a cheer.

One old fellow was heard to say that they were a healthy-looking lot of boys.

There was no trouble about choosing an umpire, as the officials of the association who owned the grounds retained the right to appoint one. As both teams were visitors, they tossed for choice as to which should be first at the bat, and the challenged party won it.

"That's a bad sign," said an old sport, shaking his head, "and it means that the boys will lose."

Long before the game was called sporting men had put up thousands of dollars on the game, giving odds of three to one.

At the call of the umpire Tom Knatt went into the box, and Billy Patten put on the mask and gloves. The man at the bat had long been a professional, one who had kept up his reputation season after season by his splendid work on the diamond. He was roundly cheered as he took up the bat, but the first ball that went at him he let pass into the hands of the catcher, for it puzzled him.

"One strike!" called out the umpire.

The catcher tossed the ball back to the pitcher, who delivered a second ball that was even more puzzling than the first one, and again it landed in the hands of the catcher.

"Two strikes."

The third delivery was a spiral one at which the batsman struck blindly, and fanned the air.

"Three strikes," and murmurs of astonishment were heard all around the field as the batsman threw down the willow in disgust.

The challenged nine were astounded, and looked grave. When the second man took up the willow, everybody seemed to hold his breath.

The ball went at him swift as an arrow, and the bat swished through the air, but the spat that followed told that it had landed in the hands of the catcher.

"One strike!"

Again it was delivered, and those who noticed the course of the ball saw it curve part of the way and then assume a spiral course as it neared the batsman.

Swish!

The willow fanned the atmosphere with tremendous force, but the catcher got the ball.

"Two strikes!"

The third delivery seemed easy, deliberate and straight. The batsman smashed it with great force and sent it straight back at the pitcher, who, quick as a flash of lightning, reached out his left hand and caught it without even leaning beyond his balance.

"Out!" yelled the umpire.

"Gosh!" gasped an old sport, who had put up a big pile on the game, "where did these boys come from?"

"Never mind where they came from," said Parry Par-ton, "wait and see where they are going."

The third man at the bat struck at the ball and missed.

"One strike!"

The next ball delivered was a spiral one that the batsman made no attempt to strike, and it nestled in the hands of the catcher.

"Two strikes!" was called.

The third one was smashed out to center field, going straight as an arrow about ten feet above the ground. The man at second base sprang straight up in the air as though shot out of the ground, reached straight up at arm's length and caught the ball. When the spat was heard his toes were at least three feet from the earth, but the next moment he was standing again in his tracks.

"Out!" yelled the umpire amid a tremendous roar from the crowd evoked by the splendid catch that had been made.

"Suffering Moses!" exclaimed a man in the crowd, "if that boy isn't made of india-rubber, I'm blind."

The challengers went to the bat, and a pitcher who had earned his six thousand dollars a season in the box was cheered as he took up the ball and faced Teddy Robinson, who was the first to face him with the willow.

He lost little time in making a delivery of one of his famous curves. To his astonishment it was smashed with a crack that sounded like the discharge of a rifle.

The ball sped to left field, whilst Teddy dashed for first and pushed on for second. His feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground, and his stride had a reach seldom seen on the diamond.

The ball came swiftly to intercept him, and it was an even chance for either side. But he made a dive of more than ten feet, landing with his breast on the plate just a fraction of a second before the ball touched him.

"Judgment!" yelled both nines.

CHAPTER IV.

"THAT FELLOW IS A WONDER."

Of the many thousands who witnessed the run and tremendous slide of Teddy Robinson, not a dozen perhaps really knew whether he had safely made the base or not.

Both players had moved with lightning-like rapidity, but Teddy had taken a chance that not one player in a thousand would have attempted, hence the applause that greeted him was purely in recognition of his daring as well as speed.

The umpire, however, had keenly watched the play, and as both sides called for judgment, he sung out:

"Safe!"

The applause then broke forth anew, but the second baseman called out to the umpire that he was out.

"Not so," retorted Teddy, "for I felt you touch me with the ball while I was on the plate."

"It looked like that to me, too," said the umpire; "it was quick work on the part of both of you, but I must decide that he is safe."

"All right!" sung out the captain of the Nine in the field, "we're not kicking."

Tom Knatt was next at the bat, and as a curved ball came whistling at him he smashed it. It struck the ground, but was stopped by right field, who sent it quickly to third, where Teddy was forced to make another slide to avoid being put to sleep.

Billy Patten took up the willow and smashed out a hot grounder to center field and dashed for first.

Teddy sprinted for home, but Tom was put to sleep at second within a foot of the plate.

Crenshaw next faced the pitcher and missed the first ball. It was caught and sent back, but the next he smashed out to center field, where it got away and had to be chased.

Billy dashed for second, passed it and got to third, whilst Dick, in an effort to reach second, fell within a few feet of it.

Ed McCoy spat in his hand, adjusted the willow firmly in his grasp, and eyed the pitcher in a way that told he was ready. The first ball that came he smashed to right field with great force. As he dashed for first Billy dashed across the home plate, whilst Eddie essayed to reach second, but failed to get there, and the Nine was retired with two runs to their credit.

Both sides had played splendidly, but the two runs had a marked effect upon the audience, who well knew against whom they had been won.

At the beginning of the second inning Knatt went once more into the box, whilst Billy Patten put on the gloves and mask and took his place as catcher.

As the young pitcher stood in the box, straight as an arrow, with both hands at his side, every eye in the vast crowd was turned upon him. The squirming and contortions usually gone through with by pitchers he never once attempted. When he was ready to deliver the ball he did it with a quick motion, just as one would cast a stone.

But the gyrations, curves and twists of the ball was a study for thousands who were utterly unable to comprehend the skill and science that caused it.

The same batsman who first confronted him was again at the bat. Three times in succession he strove to hit the ball, and each time failed to touch it. As each strike was called on him exclamations of wonder were heard on all sides, and when he threw down the bat and retired in disgust a thunderous roar of applause burst from the vast concourse.

(To be continued)

TIMELY TOPICS

The light of the Heligoland lighthouse is the most powerful in Germany, and one of the most powerful in the world. The light is an electric one, and consists of a cluster of three revolving lights, having the illuminating power of 40,000,000 candles. The lights are on the searchlight principle.

A single block of coal, six and a half feet long, five feet wide and about three feet thick, has arrived from Higbee, Mo., en route to San Francisco, where it will be placed on exhibition in the Missouri mining display. The specimen was received by Otto Rhul, who is preparing an exhibit. It weighs 4,250 pounds, and is securely crated in a framework made of timbers.

The torpedo-boat destroyer Cushing showed a wide margin above contract requirements on her official standardization trial. Her fastest mile was made at the rate of 30.6 knots per hour and the average of her five top speed runs, with and against the tide, was 29.68. The contract calls for 29 knots. A maximum of about 18,000 horsepower was developed.

Elmer Norgard, son of a wealthy rancher, did not steal from the Round Valley (Cal.) Indian Reservation one white calf with red ears, a jury in the United States District Court found a few days ago. The calf's value was placed at \$25. The case cost the Government \$15,000, it was said. A notched calf's ear that was to have figured as "Exhibit A" did not appear in the case. Daniel Deram, forest ranger, said his dog ate it.

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce estimates that labor is 20 per cent. more efficient in and about that city than is the case in Eastern cities, where it is held that extreme temperatures affect a man's working capacity. The Chamber of Commerce in a recent bulletin declared that, "figuring on a basis of 20 per cent. added labor efficiency, Los Angeles' climate would increase the actual labor assets of Pittsburgh more than \$300,000,000 per year. This is because of the almost entire absence of humidity, oppressive heat, and extreme cold."

The fire insurance losses in the United States in the last year were about \$200,720,000, an increase of \$28,000,000 over 1913, it was said at the annual meeting of the National Board of Fire Underwriters in the Waldorf-Astoria. The statement was made by W. N. Kremer, President of the board. He added that the companies last year took in \$331,617,000, an increase of \$9,000,000. Taxes increased 1.21 per cent., to \$9,120,000. The American fire insurance business of 1914, he asserted, represented an underwriting loss of 4.21 per cent. to the companies. Clarence E. Porter said the total loss from fires in the United States in 1914 was about \$221,000,000, exceeded only in 1904 and 1906. In the entire country six persons were sentenced for arson. E. G. Richards was chosen President of the board for 1915.

George L. Newberry, a professional aviator of Kirkwood, N. Y., was fatally injured the other afternoon when an aeroplane, with which he was giving an exhibition at a picnic held in Rensselaer Park by the Troy police, fell from a height of 400 feet into Oakwood Cemetery. Newberry was extricated from the ruins of his machine and hurried to a hospital, where he died in a few minutes. The accident was witnessed by more than 20,000 persons assembled in the park and on the hills adjoining. Newberry made one successful flight and returned to the park. Without alighting he arose in the air again and flew over the cemetery in which the veterans were holding their Memorial Day exercises. He was at a height estimated at 400 feet when there was a loud explosion, the machine turned over and fell like a plummet to the earth. Newberry was pinned beneath the machine and was unconscious when extricated.

The Zoological Society's Bulletin remarks that refusal of food is generally the first symptom that an animal or bird is sick. The ostrich is one of the most provoking in this respect, and, if heroic measures be not adopted, soon becomes so thin as to become a prey to some really dangerous ailment. A fine South African ostrich received from Arizona at the New York Zoological Gardens in Bronx Park last summer refused his breakfast on Dec. 23, 1914. He showed no other symptoms of illness. A week passed and he began to look thin. Keeper George Snyder, at considerable personal risk, then began a system of forcible feeding, ramming bolus after bolus of food wrapped in lettuce leaves down the throat of the unwilling bird. This treatment was kept up for more than six weeks, and the ostrich became so accustomed to it that he ceased to resist. On Feb. 6, 1915, he first evinced a willingness to feed himself, and within a short time his hunger strike was over.

Advices received by the Federal Sugar Refining Company from their German correspondent indicate that, given normal weather conditions, Germany will produce about 2,000,000 tons of raw sugar during the 1915-16 season. The statement of the Federal Sugar Refining Company's German correspondent added: "Since all communication between Germany and Chile has been interrupted our Government has worked with industrial and agricultural interests to promote the production of azotic fertilizers from coal and from the nitrogen of the air. Notwithstanding there are some complaints from farmers of the scarcity of fertilizers. Lack of labor is considered in some quarters to threaten the crop yields, but as far as can be judged it seems as if it would be less serious eventually than the want of fertilizers. The latest reports from all beet districts say that preparation of the soil has commenced generally and no complaint is heard about deficiency of labor. The wheat and rye fields look as promising as usual. It is estimated that Austria-Hungary will produce only 1,100,000 tons of raw sugar, or about 500,000 less than in former years."

Fame and Fortune Weekly

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GOOD CURRENT NEWS ARTICLES

John Marshall has a large and vigorous grapevine growing on his home place, Apalachicola, Fla. The vine measures 2½ inches in diameter. Recently Mr. Marshall moved a decayed fence post near his residence, and after removing the post he discovered that this thrifty grapevine sprang up from the ground near this post, passed through the post and assumed its large diameter after emerging from the post.

According to a recent estimate of the United States Public Health Service, the number of persons in this country who are victims of the drug habit is about 70,000, and the number of doses of narcotic drugs consumed by them annually is about 850,000,000. This estimate is based on figures collected in the State of Tennessee, where under a recently enacted Anti-Narcotic Law 1,403 permits were issued in six months to persons petitioning for the privilege of using narcotic drugs, and the consumption of such drugs amounted to 8,480,200 average doses.

Declaring that the best thing for the young men of Cornell University is military training, Dr. Andrew D. White, first president of Cornell and ex-Ambassador to Germany, went on record at a banquet of the Cornell Cadet Corps May 18 in favor of continuing the present policy of military training at Cornell and other universities. "I would," he said, "have a nation of men who are peaceable, but who are ready for war. We are plunged into relations not only with Europe, but with the Pacific world, and we must be in a position so that we can have peace even if we must fight for it."

The impact of a pitched ball, which struck him behind the left ear while he was playing in a game of baseball at West Second Street Park, Pomona, recently, has brought about a condition which makes it impossible for Oscar Pits to walk without staggering like a drunken man, and at times he finds it utterly impossible to stand up. Physicians say the blow fractured some bone of the ear and that the bone plays an important part in maintaining the equilibrium of the body. Fracturing the bone set up a disturbance which, two days after the accident occurred, threw the young man off his balance.

The Australian gold mines, for a time among the most productive in the world, appear to be giving out. The yield has been gradually declining for twelve years, and that of 1914, according to reports to the Comptroller of the Currency, was the lowest since 1896, amounting to only \$42,300,000, as against \$79,300,000 in 1903. The yield in the State of Victoria in 1914 was the smallest since 1851. The Australian gold yield, in fine ounces, has been as follows in the last three years: 2,049,910 in 1914; 2,205,061 in 1913; \$2,321,343 in 1912. The high-water mark was in 1903—3,827,064 ounces. The State of Victoria has given the world, since her mines were opened in 1851, more than \$1,435,618,000 of gold. Her largest production in a year was in 1856—3,053,744 ounces. The State of Western Australia has been the premier Australian gold bearer since the beginning of the present century, having supplied in the last fifteen years 23,000,000 ounces, as against \$9,000,000 by Victoria. The third largest gold producing State in Australia is Queensland.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

Newcome—We had a nice mess of fish for dinner, last night. Bubley—I haven't the slightest doubt, old man—your cook once worked for us.

"Shall I administer gas before extracting your tooth?" asked the dentist. "Well," answered the fair patient from a back township, "if it doesn't cost any more I'd rather you'd give me electric light."

Alicia—Jack is so handsome. Gladys—Yes? Alicia—And so courteous. Gladys—Yes? Alicia—Always addresses me as "Fair Miss." Gladys—That's force of habit. Alicia—How so? Gladys—He used to be conductor on a street car!

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth, just to cater to our appetites." "Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."

Willis—I am organizing a regiment for service in this war that will make them all sit up and take notice. Gillis—Good men, eh? Willis—Regular blood-curdlers. It is composed entirely of men who have been stung on Mexican mining schemes.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and the ragged beard. "No." "Then cook them on the top of a slice of ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.

Johnny was sent to the cellar to draw a pitcher of cider. When he got back the guest commended him. "You must have good judgment to have filled the pitcher so accurately in the dark without running it over." "Aw, that ain't hard," replied Johnny. "Yer see, when the cider got up to the first joint of my thumb I stopped."

THE CRAZED BELLE.

By Paul Braddock

"Got a story for me this evening?"

"Well, I don't know——"

Then my uncle fell into a musing mood, and was silent for a minute or two.

"Did I ever tell you about the crazy belle?"

"No."

"Like to hear the story?"

"Yes."

"Seems to me, on second thought, that I have told this to you already."

"You have not."

"Very well."

This conversation occurred one winter evening, in the snug office of the asylum over which my uncle presided.

The person spoken to was an old friend, a life-long friend, in fact, who generally spent one or two evenings a week with the doctor.

"Come with me," said the latter, arising to his feet. "I will show you first the sequel to my tale."

Together they passed from the office, the doctor leading the way to a small room with a low-burning gas-jet.

"Will you turn up the gas, Tom?" said the doctor.

The latter did as requested, and then, turning to face the doctor, saw ranged against the opposite wall a table, covered with a sheet, beneath which was observable the shape of a human form.

Tom shuddered slightly.

Observing this, the doctor laughed, and rather jokingly remarked:

"I should have supposed you were seasoned by this time, coming here as long as you have."

Frequent contact with death hardens people to it, just as a doctor, from seeing pain so frequently, becomes callous to suffering, and has little sympathy for the patient.

The doctor drew back the sheet as he uttered the words quoted.

His friend uttered a gasping cry as his eyes rested on the body.

And truly it was an awful sight. The body was that of a woman. This much could be told from her clothing, but no other outward clue was there, unless it might be the slenderness and shapeliness of the figure.

"You turn away in horror, Tom! Well, this woman lying here was once handsome, if not the handsomest woman in New York."

"It seems hardly possible," was the muttered reply.

Reverently covering up the body, the doctor preceded his guest, conducting him back to the cozy office, where the following tale was told:

Uriah Hudson, one of the oldest and best-known merchants of New York, was the father of two very handsome girls. They were his only children, and of them he thought the world.

Hudson was as upright and honest a man as ever stepped in two shoes—functionally honest, if one may so speak. He was scrupulously exact in keeping his word, and took

care to impress his views on those with whom he came into daily contact.

Mrs. Hudson was a small woman of delicate build, a fine-grained person, who was little more than a bundle of high-strung nerves.

The two girls inherited from their parents the exactitude of the father combined with the nervous organization of the mother.

The eldest was Nettie; the younger Laura.

The death of Mrs. Hudson was a heavy blow to them all, and rendered inevitable the postponement of Nettie's marriage to a young fellow who had waited on her some time, and whom she was privately engaged to.

Before the year of mourning had expired, the young man proved faithless to his trust. A newer and fresher face had attracted him.

Nettie was so blinded by her affection that she still believed in and trusted him, when to everybody else the truth was too plain: Deserted! At last, like a thunderbolt, this truth was forced on her understanding.

It bowed her head with shame; how could she face the world again, she who had been jilted by a man for whom she had confessed her love? Her heart was wrung with anguish, and when Laura would have comforted her, she only dumbly moaned:

"Laura, let me fight the terrible battle alone! I am going to my room and I must not be disturbed."

Poor Nettie! She staggered away to her room.

Her sister did not intrude on her; but several times within the next hour she glided softly to and paused outside the door. She could hear Nettie's soft voice murmuring as if she were praying.

Before going to rest for the night, Laura again paused at her sister's door. All was silence within; she would not venture to enter, as she might disturb her sister's repose.

When Nettie failed to come down the next morning, Laura visited her room. Knocking at the door several times, and receiving no response, she opened it.

There lay Nettie on the bed, in an easy, negligent attitude, as if slumbering.

So she was, but it was that slumber which knows no waking on earth.

A wild cry from the lips of Laura drew her father and the servants to the spot.

A physician was hastily sent for, but Nettie was beyond assistance from him. She had died from a ruptured heart, and her death cast a gloom on that household that never was removed.

The world at large never learned the true history of Nettie's engagement, desertion, despair and death!

A year rolled away. Then Laura had a suitor, another—another, and a dozen of them.

She had allowed herself to be persuaded to go into society, and at once she found a dozen or more men ready to lay their hearts at her feet.

When they would have spoken of love, she shook her head. She would never love (with a shudder); the terrible conclusion to her sister's love was sufficient.

So she felt. But there came a time when she awoke to the fact that, in spite of herself, she had learned to love, and deeply, too, and what was more, her better judgment

informed her that the object of her love was unworthy of it.

Vainly she struggled against her passion, until at last, worn out, hoping for the best, she gave herself into Harry Bishop's arms.

The latter personage was a fashionable man, of good family, but having long since run through all that he had ever had, was now no more than a shrewd fortune-hunter. Laura was an only child; her father was reputed wealthy, and Harry Bishop had laid siege to her heart, without himself possessing a single spark of affection for her.

Soon after this a short illness of Mr. Hudson's ended fatally.

Now came out the truth in regard to his actual wealth, and as is only too frequently the case, his great wealth was only a myth.

Going to the other extreme, report said that when Mr. Hudson's debts were paid, not a cent would be left.

"Phew!" whistled Harry Bishop, when he heard this. "In that case—— What's to be done?"

It is needless for us to follow up his course of reasoning.

"Do you suppose it's so?" he asked a friend in an off-hand way, Hudson's death and affairs having been alluded to.

"I certainly do," was the reply. "Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire."

"It's lucky I found out in time," muttered Harry Bishop.

And Laura was left to wonder why her lover did not come. In her hour of trouble she thought he should be at her side.

But he did not come.

Perhaps he had been suddenly called away from the city on business, and she would receive a note to that effect? But none came.

Perhaps he was sick? But her fears on this head were groundless, as she learned from a lady friend that she had that day seen Bishop.

Gradually, against her wishes, the truth began dawning upon her. She had never been able to force herself to believe him perfect in character, and the way being open, the entering wedge was already in, and it was not long before she believed the worst of him.

She remembered how her sister had died from the faithlessness of another of the sex, and into her eyes there slowly crept a strange flame. The muscles about her mouth began to gather, until at length her lips were ever wreathed with an expression of cruel resolution.

She was stronger physically than her sister, and the blow did not kill her. No, she lived, and hour after hour sadly brooded over her sister's death, and her own wrongs.

"He sought my love and now tramples it under-foot. Was he unto him!"

This was the burden of what she said, in a bitter-bitter tone.

Occasionally came a caller, and every time the door-bell rang there came into her face an expectant look, while her lips would be closely compressed and her hand would steal toward her bosom. But when she learned that it was not Bishop she became listless at once.

Soon her brows were always contracted; she seemed not to hear when she was addressed, or if she answered it was in a rambling and preoccupied way.

Now and then she frightened the servants by a flash of ugly temper; she, who had ever been so equable and kind.

At last they began to whisper among themselves that her mind had been unsettled by her father's death.

Fine-grained, high-strung, of an exceedingly nervous temperament, with no one in sympathy with her, so that she could relieve her mind by sharing her troubles with another, her thoughts turned constantly inward on themselves; from pondering she had gone to brooding, from brooding to the sullen silence and gloomy reviewing of a diseased mind.

"He has not come!" she said, as she left the parlor one evening on the stroke of ten. "There is no longer any reason to doubt. In the morning I will send for him, and when he comes——"

There was a murderous gleam in her eyes as she paused thus abruptly.

In the morning she did send for him, and Bishop, vexed, and, feeling like a guilty knave, could not pass by her message in silence.

A quiver ran through the frame of Laura as the bell rang. It proved to be her father's lawyer, and the executors of his will and several creditors.

She ordered them shown into the library. She would see them in a few minutes, she said.

Again the bell rang.

Into the parlor the servant showed the recreant lover.

The servant departed, leaving him shame-faced in the presence of the woman whom he had wronged, whose affections he had outraged in winning and casting them from him.

She did not wait for him to speak.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, her eyes glancing scorn and resentment, her voice breathing stern determination. "Wretch, down on your knees, and beg my pardon!"

Left to himself, the guilty-feeling wretch might have done this. Ordered, he would not.

Her hand flew to the bosom of her dress, and forth she drew a revolver, and fired, killing him, and then turned the revolver upon herself.

That is my tale for to-night, and I hope you have been interested in hearing of the Crazy Belle.

Seventy-five cats and dogs were to be executed the other evening in the gas tank in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals building at Twenty-fourth Street and Avenue A, New York. The condemned animals were dumped into the tank by Frederick McDonald of No. 4622 Broadway and Harry McClintock of Inwood, L. I., and when all was ready the top was fastened down and one of the executioners got ready to turn on the gas. Before he could do this there came an explosion. The top of the tank was blown off and it literally rained cats and dogs. Twenty windows in the front of the building were blown out, many of them going across the street and striking the front of the J. J. Little Building, where there is a strike of paper handlers. Every one of the seventy-five dogs and cats was killed instantly and McDonald and McClintock were bruised and cut.

NEWS OF THE DAY

"For 2 inches of the left leg at \$8,350 per inch, \$16,700," is the bill that Earl Parsons of Mount Bethel, Pa., is trying to collect from the Lehigh and New England Railroad in a suit for damages just brought. Employed on the road as a trainman, he asserts that he was instructed by the Yardmaster at Penn Argyl, who told him that the track was clear, to take a train to a crossover one night last year. His train crashed into some empty cars and he was caught between two of them. When he left the hospital, four months later, one leg was 2 inches shorter than the other.

Owners of Newfoundland sealing vessels are considering the use of aeroplanes as an aid to the industry in which they are engaged. It is proposed that just before the opening of the season next year two experienced aviators be engaged to visit the east coast and the Gulf of St. Lawrence for the purpose of locating the herds of seals. The information thus obtained would enable the fleet to sail directly for the scene of the hunt, instead of wasting much time in searching for the animals. The present season, which ended on March 1, was a failure, the total catch being less than 50,000 pelts.

Premier Asquith has just reported that 50,000 women of Great Britain have been registered for work which has freed men to go to the front. In one engineering establishment in Newcastle he saw 3,000 women making shells. Young women of the Belgian coalfields near Charleroi have gone into the pits to take the places of their husbands, fathers and brothers now fighting in Flanders. Without the work of these women there would be a dearth of fuel in Belgium. Without their work there would be no support for the families they represent in the hard work of the world, but not at the ballot box.

Upon the close of the New Jersey State Agricultural College this month a number of young men will be available for the summer for work upon fruit and truck farms. Several of these young men have had one or more seasons experience with the New Jersey Agricultural Experiment Station in the packing of peaches, while others have had practical experience upon fruit and truck farms; some have had only general farm experience, but are desirous of securing places upon farms during the summer. Fruit growers and truckers who are likely to be in need of young men who can pack fruit and do other work should correspond with the horticulturist at the station.

A. B. Coates, a well-known mining man of Virginia, Minn., got a surprise in the express the other day. It was a bottle of whisky from a Kentucky distillery that he had not ordered. The odd thing about the gift was that the liquor was in a bottle that Mr. Coates emptied with a party of friends while steaming down the River Nile, in Africa, about a year ago and threw into the murky stream. In the bottle he had placed a slip of pa-

per bearing his name and address. Some one found the bottle and forwarded it to the distillery, where it was filled and sent to Mr. Coates with the liquor factory's compliments. The original bottle was presented to Mr. Coates by a local friend when he started on his African trip.

Found guilty and convicted of cruelty to animals, fined \$100 and additional costs amounting \$163.20, and given a sentence of thirty days in the county jail, is the penalty of one Wilbur G. Moore of Tippecanoe county, Indiana. The case attracted wide attention and is perhaps one of the most startling of its kind in the history of the American court. The State of Indiana was prompt in prosecuting, but considering the horrid facts that were brought forth at the trial, the offender probably received a light sentence. Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the prosecution says, Moore's father, while driving a beautiful team of spirited horses, owned by himself, had a runaway. After the frightened animals had run a considerable distance the driver was somehow thrown from the vehicle, receiving such a severe injury that he soon died. From that day until this, the court avers, the plaintiff has kept these two poor mouse-colored horses in close confinement, having locked them up in a barn night and day for the remainder of their lives. It is further stated that they had only scanty food and water supply and poor bedding the entire time of their imprisonment. Recently one of the animals died, when the authorities investigated the case. The remaining horse was immediately released and given the best of attention.

The Bethlehem Steel Company, of Bethlehem, Pa., is still receiving immense orders from the British Government and is fully prepared to execute them with promptness. Some idea of the work in hand may be gathered from a dispatch to the New York Herald from Bethlehem May 19, which says that the company on that day received an order for 3,000 cannon from Lord Kitchener, of the British War Office. The order was accompanied by a check for \$16,150,000, part of which is for work already done for the British Government, and part as an advance payment for material. The cannon ordered are field pieces of a kind that can be turned out in about a month, and the Bethlehem company is well equipped to make them faster than any other concern, the forging, boring, machining and tempering being done with great rapidity by means of modern machinery. In the matter of equipment it is declared Bethlehem is as well furnished as Krupps, and in many departments surpasses the great German plant. The projectile contracts are well under way and shells are being made so rapidly that Bethlehem is fast catching up with the demands of Lord Kitchener. Shrapnel now is being turned out at the rate of 12,000 a day, and of the one-pounders and smaller shells the product is 50,000 and upward every twenty-four hours. Buildings are being erected and machinery installed largely to increase the output of shrapnel.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

CAPTURE OF 19 COYOTES.

Capturing nineteen coyotes in one day Walter Mulske and F. A. Scheirmeister, Hazelton, N. D., got \$47.50 in bounties for their work. They found two dens from which they caught the young coyotes and they also landed some of the old ones.

A PREHISTORIC SNAKE.

What is supposed to be the skull of a huge snake of prehistoric times has been unearthed by James Eslinger on his farm, in Veale Township, Ind. Mr. Eslinger at the time was ploughing in a swamp which had never before been ploughed. The skull is eight inches long, four inches wide and four inches thick. The eye sockets are one and a half inches in diameter. Mr. Eslinger estimates that if the body was in proportion to the size of the skull it would have weighed nearly 500 pounds.

"SINGING PRISONERS" WERE PLANNING TO BREAK JAIL.

Jail officers at Rome, Ga., have made a queer discovery. When prisoners begin to sing just as though their hearts are full of innocence and joy, they are about to break jail, and maim or murder anyone who attempts to prevent them. Recently, when there was an outburst of joyful song among the white prisoners in the Floyd County Jail, the Sheriff made an inspection. He found that the bars of one window had been broken, and that pieces of steel and wire were hidden under a mattress.

EVERYBODY IN OVERALLS.

Since the boys and girls of the Hickory High School, Hickory, Miss., were sent home one day recently for wearing overalls and aprons to school, a mass meeting of farmers called to discuss economic and political questions adopted a resolution indorsing those schools of the county which permit and encourage the wearing of cotton and recommended the adoption of the ideal by all the public schools as an encouragement of the "Grown-in-Mississippi" movement. The principals of several schools in the county not only permit it but wear overalls to school themselves.

TY COBB VERSUS WALTER JOHNSON.

Walter Johnson has faced Cobb in the capacity of pitcher just 183 times, and of that many times at bat the champion batsman of the American League has been sent back to the bench 109 times hitless, the gentleman from Georgia failing to swat the ball in his usual consistent and blithe-some manner when facing the consistent Mr. Johnson. So Walter Johnson has the honor of being about the only pitcher to hold the fiery Cobb, the champion batsman of the Times and the world, in subjugation. In the 133 times that Cobb faced the Washington star he made 31 base hits, 9 runs; just 6 of the hits were better than singles, consisting of three doubles and three triples. These figures give Cobb a batting average for the eight seasons he has maintained a calling acquaintance with Mr. Johnson of 233.

JAPANESE BOOM IN SHIPBUILDING.

The scarcity of steamers all over the world, owing to the enormous number of vessels taken off their ordinary runs for transport purposes, has led to an enormous increase in freights, and on some lines rates are as much as three or four times those charged in normal times. A steamer of about 2,500 tons, which formerly could be chartered for \$2,500 a month, is now offered at \$7,500, and even at this price it is difficult to get a ship. The Asahi says the steamer Koku-maru, 3,800 tons, which has just been sold for \$335,000, was purchased by her last owner (Japanese) for \$185,000 five years ago, and the steamer has been now transferred to a foreign flag, a complete reversal of the usual practice. It is absolutely impossible for Japanese to purchase foreign steamers at present. Shipbuilding is booming, and Japan is extra busy. The Kawasaki yard has orders for at least six new vessels, and the Mitsu Bishi yard at Nagasaki as many. The Osaka Ironworks built last year two vessels, the Peking-maru and the Nanking-maru, each of 3,000 tons, on the Isherwood system (that is, with the frames or ribs running longitudinally instead of transversely), and they have booked orders for eight more sister vessels on the same plan. There is some difficulty in getting a sufficient supply of steel plates and angles to keep pace with this activity. The Yawata Steelworks are full up with Nippon Yusen Kaisha orders, and the Osaka Ironworks have had to go to Pittsburgh for their materials.

BIG DESTROYER LAUNCHED.

The torpedo boat destroyer Jacob Jones was launched May 29 at the yard of the New York Shipbuilding Company, with Mrs. Jerome Crittenden of Flushing, L. I., a great-granddaughter of Captain Jacob Jones, for whom the vessel was named, as sponsor. The Jacob Jones is one of the largest destroyers in any navy, having a length of 315 feet and a displacement of 1,150 tons. A feature is the accommodations for her crew of 100 men, which are an advance over anything attempted heretofore in a boat of her class. She will have a capacity for 290 tons of oil fuel. Her engines will develop 17,000 horse-power, and are to produce a speed of not less than 29½ knots. She is armed with four 4-inch guns and four 21-inch torpedo tubes.

Captain Jacob Jones, for whom the vessel was named, had a long and distinguished career in the navy in the early nineteenth century. He entered the navy in 1790, was captured by the Tripolitans on the frigate Philadelphia in 1803, and when the war of 1812 broke out was in command of the brig Wasp. On October 18 of that year he captured the British sloop-of-war Frolic after a hard fight, but he was immediately afterward forced to surrender to the Poictiers, a ship of the line. He was immediately awarded a medal by Congress on his return to the United States, and was placed in command of the frigate Macedonian. After the war he commanded squadrons in the Mediterranean and the Pacific.

IMITATION GOLD TEETH



Gold plated tooth, shape made so that it will fit any tooth. Price, 5c., postpaid.

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It consists of three horseshoes fastened together. Only a very clever person can take off the closed horseshoe from the two linked horseshoes. But it can be done in a moment when the secret is known. Price, by mail, 10c. each.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.



VANISHING COINS.—A coin held in the palm of the hand is made to vanish when the hand is closed. Only one hand used. No practice required. Wonderful effect. Price, 25c.

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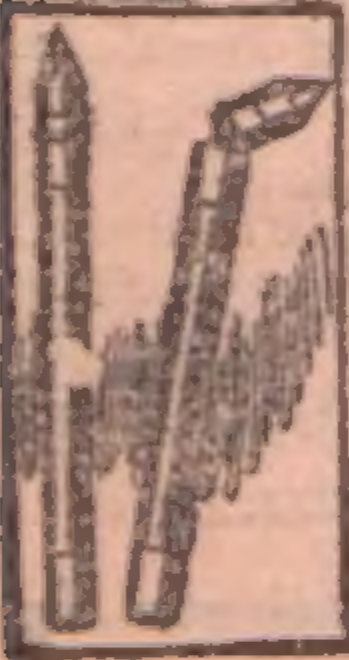


Made of natural white wood turned, with two compartments: a round, black ball fits on those compartments; the other is a stationary ball. By a little practice you make the black ball vanish; a great trick novelty and immense seller.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

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This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, the end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG,

1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

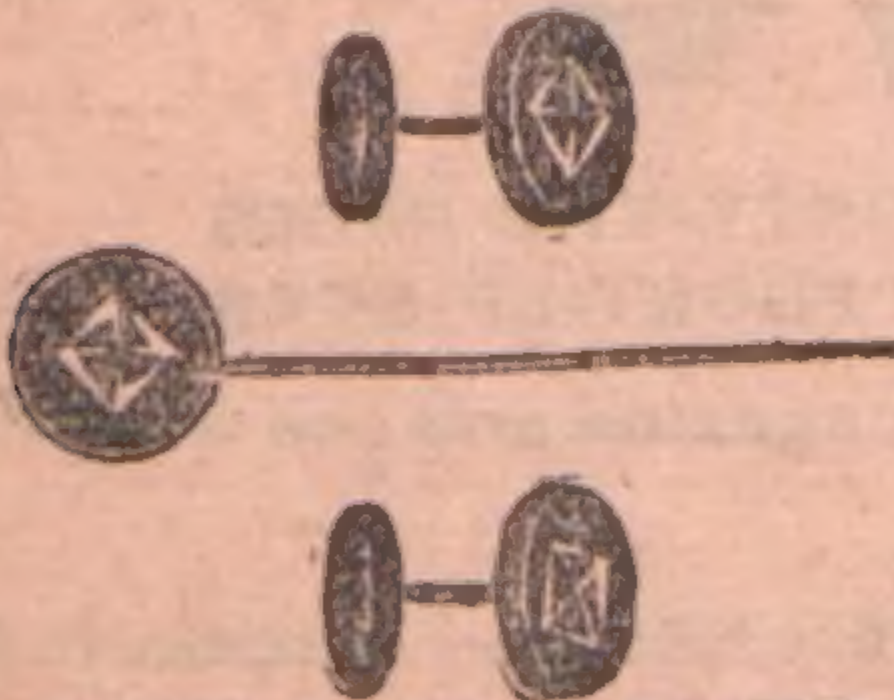
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There are 8 cards in a pack. They are nicely printed on good bristol-board, and contain the funniest literature ever composed, such as "Professor Huggem, huggem and kissing done in the very latest style," a Liar's License, a membership card for the Down and Out Club, and other comical poetry and prose. Every card guaranteed to make the girls giggle, the boys to laugh, and the old folks to roar. If you are looking for fun, get a pack.

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Price, 20c.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

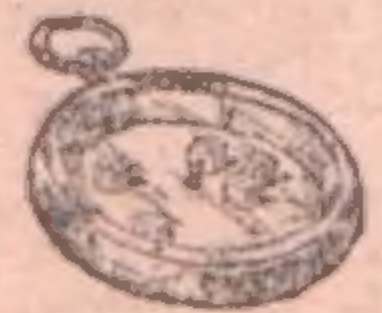
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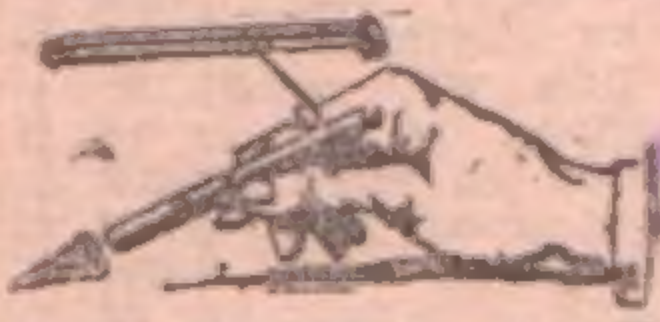
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C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

STRING PUZZLE

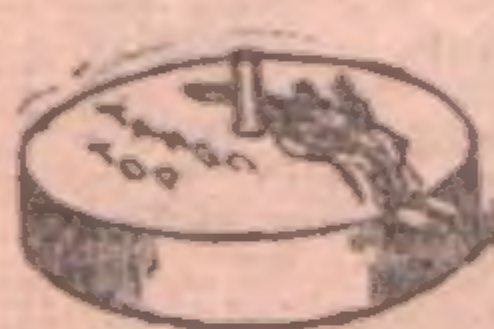


This puzzle is a wonder. It consists of two pieces of wood. A hole is bored through the upper end of both. A red string passes through the holes. Take a knife, insert it between the wooden blocks and cut upwards. You separate the pieces of wood, and the string is apparently cut in two. Close the blocks together, seize an end of the string, and you can pull the entire cord through the holes, absolutely—not cut. Very mystifying.

Price, 12c. each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

TANGO TOP

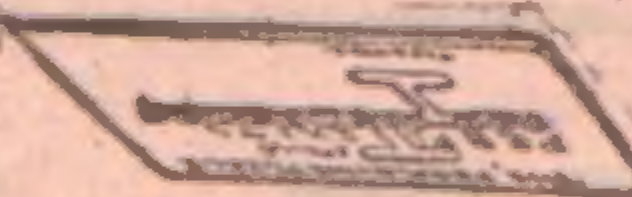


A brand new novelty. More fun than a circus. You spin the post with your fingers, and the snake tangoes all around the top of the circular metal box, without falling off, although it is not fastened in any way. When the post stops spinning, the snake drops from the lid. What is the secret of its great attraction to the post? The marvel of the age.

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SURPRISE KINEMATOGRAPH.



The greatest hit of the season! It consists of a small metal, nicked tube, with a lens eye view, which shows a pretty ballet girl in tights. Hand it to a friend, who will be delighted with the first picture; tell him to turn the screw in center of instrument to change the views, when a stream of water squirts into his face, much to his disgust. Anyone who has not seen this kinematograph in operation is sure to be caught every time. The instrument can be refilled with water in an instant, ready for the next customer.

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"KNOCK-OUT" CARD TRICK.—Five cards are shown, front and back, and there are no two cards alike. You place some of them in a handkerchief and ask any person to hold them by the corners in full view of the audience. You now take the remaining cards and request anyone to name any card shown. This done, you repeat the name of the card and state that you will cause it to invisibly leave your hand and pass into the handkerchief, where it will be found among the other cards. At the word "Go!" you show that the chosen card has vanished, leaving absolutely only two cards. The handkerchief is unfolded by any person, and in it is found the identical card.

Price, 10c.

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JUMPING JACK PENCIL.



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FRANK SMITH, 333 Lenox Ave., N. Y.

NEW SURPRISE NOVELTY.



Foxy Grandpa, Mr. Peewee and other comical faces artistically colored, to which is attached a long rubber tube, connected with a rubber ball, which can be filled with water, the rubber ball being carried in the pocket, a slight pressure on the bulb causes a long stream, the result can easily be seen.

Price, 15c.,

Postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

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25 Colored Views of the Big City in an English walnut shell, prettily hinged with ribbon, to which a small tag is attached. The nut contains 25 beautifully lithographed views of the principal points of interest in and around New York City. You can address the tag, put on a stamp, and mail it. A nice souvenir to mail to your distant friends. Price, by mail, 10c. each.

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A cardboard finger, carefully bandaged with linen, and the side and end are blood-stained. When you slip it on your finger and show it to your friends, just give a groan or two, nurse it up, and pull a look of pain. You will get nothing but sympathy until you give them the laugh. Then duck! Price, 10c., postpaid.

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The greatest invention of the age. The box contains a blow-pipe of neatly enameled metal, and five tablets; also printed directions for playing numerous soap-bubble games, such as Floating Bubbles, Repeaters, Surprise Bubbles, Double Bubbles, The Boxers, Lung Tester, Supported Bubbles, Rolling Bubbles, Smoke Bubbles, Bouncing Bubbles, and many others. Ordinary bubble-blowing, with a pipe and soap water, are not in it with this scientific toy. It produces larger, more beautiful and stronger bubbles than you can get by the ordinary method. The games are intensely interesting, too.

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The transmitter in this telephone is made from the best imported parchment; with ordinary use will last a long time; can be made in any length by adding cord; the only real telephone for the money; each one put up in a neat box; fully illustrated, with full directions how to use them. Price, 12c., postpaid.

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CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK.



With this trick you borrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid
C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City

MAGIC DIE BLOCK.



A wonderfully deceptive trick! A solid block, two inches square, is made to appear and disappear at pleasure. Borrowing a hat from one of the audience, you place the block on top, sliding a cardboard cover (which may be examined) over it. At the word of command you lift the cover, the block is gone, and the same instant it falls to the floor, through the hat, with a solid thud, or into one of the spectator's hands. You may vary this excellent trick by passing the block through a table and on to the floor beneath, or through the lid of a desk into the drawer, etc. This trick never fails to astonish the spectators, and can be repeated as often as desired.

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